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OTTO JOHN—The Man Between

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Too Quick on the Trigger

THE world danger arising from a clash of planes over the China seas can only be understood against the background of U.S. anger after Geneva. U.S. politicians are in no mood to moderate their language, or to seek information. They do not disguise that one reason at least for the concentration of their warships in the area of Formosa is to make "a demonstration of strength". Similarly Admiral Stomp is applauded when he announces that American pilots are told to be "quick on the trigger." Chinese pilots appear to be in a similarly reckless mood. The situation is now eased by Mr. Eisenhower's emollient statement that the U.S. did not intend to be "impulsive or truculent", that the rescue period is now over and that the task force will leave the area.

A continuous war between rival patrols has long been carried out in the narrow waters between Formosa and the Chinese mainland. American planes, based on Formosa, constantly fly close to the Chinese coast, so close indeed that Kuomintang forces maintain a provocative foothold on the little island of Quemoy, which is only two or three miles off the Chinese base at Amoy. Statements made in Washington and by Chiang Kai-shek's spokesmen in Formosa about a future invasion of Southern China, in preparation for a "liberation" of China from Communism, suggest that Peking may well be justified in fearing that anti-Communist agents are dropped on to Hainan island, or into Southern China. In such a situation incidents are inevitable.

First, a British civil airliner, passing on its lawful occasions, was shot down by Chinese fighters. Their action was clearly reckless and irresponsible. There is no reason to doubt Peking's explanation that the British plane was mistaken for a U.S. military plane, which, superficially, it may well have resembled. But if the Chinese fighters had exercised ordinary caution, they would have observed the British markings on the liner; and if they had thought it off its proper route, they could have "buzzed" it and forced it to change its course. Peking's apology, in fact, recognised this. It was prompt and full, and it offered compensation—a marked contrast with the uncivilised discourtesy of the refusal to allow more than one plane to search for survivors.

About the incident in which two Chinese planes were shot down by American aircraft the facts are still obscure. Peking protests that the Americans were trespassing in "Chinese air," and that they shot first. The Americans see the incident as a further case of Chinese "savagery" and "piracy." The object of the British is to bring this deplorable and appallingly dangerous situation to an end.

Mr. Attlee recently conjured up an apt comparison which should appeal to Americans. If, after the rebellion of the American colonies against Britain in the 18th century, American "loyalists," who had sided with Britain, had occupied Long Island, and had been defended by the British Fleet, would the result have been peace in the Atlantic? Similarly, can the Americans expect peace in the Pacific if, instead of recognising that a successful revolution has taken place in China, they continue to protect Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang rump on Formosa? The two views of events in Asia implied in this neat comparison explain one of the chief differences now bedevilling relations between Britain and the United States. We recognise the vast revolution, affecting, in one way or another, about one thousand million people—nearly half the world's population—and shall regard ourselves as lucky if we are able to co-exist with it. The United States insists on talking as if this gigantic social and political upheaval is the work of a wicked Communist sect, who can be expunged by threats and bombs.

In almost every nation in the world, except America, the moral of this situation is that the first necessity for world peace is to evacuate the Kuomintang leaders from Formosa, and to recognise (as Mr. Acheson long ago told us the State Department

agreed) that Formosa belonged to Peking, which is, indisputably, the Government of China. It will then, and only then, be possible, even to begin a serious discussion of a possible Far Eastern Locarno or other acceptable form of mutual security.

Russia, Germany and Europe

It was to be expected that the Soviet Union would try rapidly to capitalise Geneva's "demonstration of the possibility of agreement", and would lose no time in proposing a renewed conference of European States. The Note, however, in which this proposal is made seems to us to be a bad diplomatic blunder, in that it gives the U.S. every excuse for declining the Russian invitation and so failing to take advantage of the present more favourable atmosphere. Mr. Molotov, in fact, has simply harked back to his speech in Berlin last February: he wants to convert the Atlantic Pact into a Treaty of "European collective security," in which the Eastern Bloc would participate. Pre-conditions for such a Treaty would be that the Four Powers should withdraw their troops from Germany within six months, and that Germany should then be reunited and "neutralised". Since the implication is, not merely that E.D.C. should be jettisoned, but that Nato itself should apparently be—for all practical purposes—demolished, this is asking far more than the Americans could possibly be expected to swallow in present conditions of international tension. It would have been much more realistic and helpful if the U.S.S.R. had proposed simply that the Berlin Conference on Germany should be resumed—a proposal which, as a correspondent emphasises in a later column, the German Social-Democrats would warmly endorse. But even such a proposal would be unlikely to secure acceptance by the West, or to lead to positive results, unless the Russians indicated in advance that they were at least prepared to discuss genuinely free—and supervised—elections in both Zones. Moreover, if something like an "Austrian solution" for the immediate future of Germany is in Moscow's mind, it is unhelpful to propose an immediate withdrawal of Occupation forces which—if complete evacuation from German soil is meant—would obviously leave the Red Army in a strategically improved position relatively to the West.

A Rebuff to Cyprus

Mr. Lyttelton's last public act is the decision to force upon Cyprus a constitution which is not in accordance with the wishes of a great majority of Cypriots and to announce, at the same time, that there can be no question—ever—of a change of sovereignty. It will do more harm to Britain's colonial repute than anything since the suppression of the constitution in British Guiana. Nor, it seems, can there be any doubt that the stilted official language of the Government's flat refusal of *Enosis* means a perpetual denial of full independence for Cypriots. Indeed, the Government spokesman in the Commons last Wednesday admitted bluntly that, for strategic reasons, Cyprus must remain permanently under British rule. This decision is both tragic and laughable: tragic because it affronts the basic doctrine that colonial rule can be justified only as a temporary trust, exercised on behalf of the colonial people themselves; and laughable, because the Government fails to learn any of the lessons of its own follies. The announcement that Cypriots are to be denied freedom, so that we may impose upon their island a military command which they do not want and which greatly increases their vulnerability, comes on the very day that we are driven out of Egypt for trying to do just the same thing.

Social Service Benefits

Last week's debate on pensions and other social service benefits left recipients without assurance of what the Government means to do when it gets, some time in the autumn, the reports of the Phillips Committee and of the Government Actuary. There is almost universal agreement that benefits will have to be substantially increased to make up for the rise in the cost of living since they were fixed, eight years ago. Both the main parties are already committed to this; and the Labour Party is further pledged to annual revision of benefits in future in order to keep their real value constant. The *Economist* seems to be almost alone in arguing that insurance benefits should remain as they are, and their real value be made good by higher national assistance, subject to a means test. To handle the matter in this way would be to give up altogether the Beveridge principle, that insurance benefits should be large enough to cover all essential needs, leaving only exceptional cases to be dealt with by supplementary assistance payments. It may, however, well be right for the Exchequer to bear a higher, and contributors a lower, proportion of the increased cost which the higher benefits will involve, and for the conditions to be modified so that those who have been getting supplementation do not lose all the advantage of the higher standard rates by having it cut completely off.

The Future of Kenya

Last week's debate on Kenya in the Commons was, throughout, based on the assumption that the military suppression of Mau Mau murders is approaching success. Everyone will hope that this is true. On this assumption it was possible for members of the Parliamentary delegation recently returned from Kenya to pass the usual compliments and to make useful, if not new or fundamental, suggestions about future policy. A particularly sensible speech was that of Mr. James Johnson, a member of the delegation, who made, however, an error in speaking of the policy of this journal being "eviction" of European farmers. This is no doubt an imperfect memory of a remark (supported by one of the most distinguished British Colonial officials) that while the "settler" system remained—people allowed to own large farms in the Highlands, maintaining a privileged position and exploiting cheap African labour—there was no chance of peace in the Colony. This still seems to us true. For the most part, the debate ignored this question, and assumed that a multi-racial State was possible without a fundamental change in the structure of the country. There were some encouraging features. Government spokesmen agreed that in the next Legislative Council Africans must be directly represented, and not nominated. Mr. Hopkinson declared that it only remained to be decided "what sort of elections there will be in the future—direct or indirect—or through some form of electoral college." Clearly, if we are to convince the Africans of our sincerity about a "multi-racial" State in Kenya, one of the first necessities is to find leaders whom the Kikuyu will trust as their spokesmen. This involves releasing some from jail, as well as giving liberty to large numbers now in detention camps, against whom there is no criminal charge. Perhaps the most useful single measure to be adopted would be to set up a round-table conference containing representatives of all the races in Kenya to discuss, on terms of complete equality, the many promised reforms. The difficulty here is that though this might be accepted by members of Mr. Blundell's comparatively liberal party recently formed in Nairobi, it would be violently opposed, as would every other liberal change, by the Electors' Union, which has come completely under the control of the reactionary racialists.

BERLIN

The S.P.D. and Rearmament

A Correspondent in Berlin writes: The Social-Democrat Conference took three important decisions: (1) the peaceful re-unification of Germany is the *primary objective* of S.P.D. policy, not integration with either East or West; (2) the S.P.D. is not a pacifist party which rejects military action under any conceivable circumstances; (3) the S.P.D. rejects categorically any German participation in the policy of rearmament and the creation of German military formations, either under E.D.C. or under any other system, until certain conditions have been fulfilled. The S.P.D. is, therefore, *against* German rearmament *at the present time.*

In his "report," Herr Ollenhauer, the chairman of the party, refused to accept the result of the Berlin conference as final evidence of failure, or as a justification for a policy of immediate German rearmament. He called upon all the Occupation Powers to resume negotiations as soon as possible, and he gave it as his own opinion that the resumed conference "could meet tomorrow". He severely criticised Soviet policy, but he also dealt harshly with American foreign policy, in particular with the attempt to coerce France and to put pressure upon the Bonn Republic. He then turned to the problem of free elections in Germany and linked that question with the question of security for Soviet Russia:

> The agreement of the Soviet Government to free elections, however, means the certain loss of any Soviet influence upon Eastern Germany. The only conceivable way, therefore, to get the agreement of Russia, is to discuss the question of free elections concurrently with the problem of European security.

In the latter part of his speech, Herr Ollenhauer outlined the pre-conditions under which the S.P.D. would be prepared to consider a policy of rearmament for Germany. These conditions, with some alterations, were later accepted in the Foreign Policy Resolution. The decisive pre-condition in the resolution reads as follows:

> If it should prove to be impossible to achieve effective agreements between East and West, if the dangers threatening peace and freedom continue,

and if it turns out to be impossible to achieve the unity of Germany within a comprehensive system of general collective security, then the S.P.D. would be prepared, under certain conditions, to support the defence of peace and security with military measures as well as in other ways.

It seems to have been the original intention of the Executive Committee that the decision on when this pre-condition had been fulfilled should be left to the Executive. That was not to the liking of the large majority of delegates at the conference, and the Resolution was eventually redrafted to read: "The decision whether the preconditions have been fulfilled rests with a delegate conference of the S.P.D."

When this was reported to the conference, the supporters of rearmament, who are partly influenced by the idea of a policy of strength *à la* Dulles, moved the deletion of the added sentence. This was in many ways the decisive vote of the conference. The move to delete the words "delegate conference" was heavily defeated, by about 80 per cent. to 20 per cent. of all votes cast, and the resolution as a whole was then carried against a small minority of about 20 votes. This means that the Parliamentary group of the S.P.D. and the National Executive must not support any policy of German rearmament until another delegate conference has met and decided its policy.

NEW YORK

T.V.A. and the Atomic Energy Bill

Our American Correspondent writes: The existence of the Tennessee Valley Authority has always rankled the Republicans. T.V.A. stands as an enduring symbol of the achievements of the New Deal era. So most of the Republican Party, egged on by the private power companies, has long been wanting to take a swipe at the Authority. The first blow came earlier this year, when President Eisenhower not only failed to renew the appointment of Gordon V. Clapp as chairman of T.V.A. after his statutory term had ended, but did not even send the courtesy letter of commendation, almost standard on such occasions—and this, to a man who had served on T.V.A. for twenty years, ever since its inception, and who had risen through the ranks to succeed David E. Lilienthal in the top post.

But the attack on T.V.A.—and, even more, on the T.V.A. principle—really got under way a few weeks ago. At that time the President issued a directive which, if carried out, would have put the private power companies back into business in an area which until now has been under the domain of T.V.A. He directed the Atomic Energy Commission to negotiate a $107,250 contract with two private companies, Middle South Utilities Inc. and the Southern Company, for a steam plant at West Memphis, Arkansas. About 600,000 kilowatts of this private power would be used as "replacement power" for T.V.A. energy now flowing to an atomic plant at Paducah, Kentucky. The President's directive became necessary—in the eyes of the Administration—because the Atomic Energy Commission had voted 3-to-2 against the contract, and because T.V.A. was proposing that the agency itself should instead build a steam plant at Fulton, Tennessee, thirty miles north-east of Memphis, to supply power to the Memphis area.

There is some constitutional question about whether the President has the power to over-ride a Commission in this way. In this case, however, the question will become academic, for, during the bitter struggle last week in the Senate over the Atomic Energy Bill, the Republicans managed to pass an amendment specifically authorising such Presidential directives. But this is not the end of the "giveaway," the Democrats claim. Since the 1946 Atomic Energy Act, patents in this field have been a virtual Government monopoly. The new Bill would provide a compulsory licensing system for five years, during which atomic patents would be available to anyone on a royalty fee basis. After the five-year period, patents would return to the normal operation in this country of exclusive rights for seventeen years. Opponents of these provisions say that only those companies with large financial resources would be able to participate in atomic power and that some of these would be in a favoured position because they had acquired atomic knowledge under A.E.C. contracts during and since the war. There is also no provision for the establishment of the prior right of Federal development of any specific atomic resource which might best serve the public interest, it is charged. The lack of any Federal regulatory power over rates charged to consumers for privately produced atomic energy is another objection. But, these technical considerations aside, the Bill is dubbed a "giveaway" by its opponents on the general grounds that, after billions of dollars of public money have been spent on the basic research in the field, private interests are now going to cash in.

A little-publicised aspect of the Bill are those sections dealing with the international exchange of atomic information. It is claimed that these sections will make such exchange much easier than it has been since the 1946 Act (popularly known as the Macmahon Act). It is known that Sir Winston Churchill expressed concern over the inadequate flow of such information during his last trip to Washington. It is said that he was assured that these matters would be put right in this new Bill. But the complaint of critics of the Bill is that in this respect there may be even more rigidity in the future. Although the President will have the power to pass on information on atomic energy to allies if he deems it in U.S. interests, prior approval of both Houses of Congress would be necessary if it impinged on internal law in any way—as it most certainly would on numerous occasions.

The Agreement in Suez

PRECISELY a year ago, in our issue of August 1, 1953, we published an article signed by the editor of this journal, entitled "How to Settle With Neguib". It contained an outline of the sort of agreement which we suggested would meet essential British needs and, at the same time, prove acceptable to the new government in Cairo. Though necessarily stated in general terms only, it followed very closely the lines of the agreement which has been initialled this week. Many readers at the time read correctly between the lines of our article the implication that the proposals outlined in it derived from official Egyptian sources. The truth, which we could not with propriety publish at the time, was that the principles of agreement which we adumbrated were based on a private conversation between General Neguib and Mr. Kingsley Martin: some passages were, indeed, in General Neguib's own words.

So, after twelve months of friction and uncertainty, we have got no more than we could more easily have had a year ago. We may well have got less. The sort of agreement that we foreshadowed was, after all, General Neguib's opening gambit—before bargaining began. If we had negotiated then with a determination to conclude an agreement, we might well have got something better. But Captain Waterhouse was able to find his most powerful ally at No. 10 Downing Street; and in the event the Government paid more attention to the backwoodsmen than to common sense.

In the intervening year, we have had to pay the price for this senseless attitude. Strategically, the locking-up of almost 80,000 men in a futile occupation of Suez has placed Britain in a strait-jacket and has deprived the Chiefs of Staff of all power of manœuvre. Financially, the drain has been a heavy one, not only on the Exchequer, but also on our overseas account. Militarily, we have created a browned-off Army, doing its best to carry out a useless, dangerous and almost impossible task, in sub-standard and rapidly deteriorating conditions. Politically, we have obstructed, and at one moment placed in grave jeopardy, an uncorrupt and potentially progressive régime unique in Middle East politics; and over a wider field we have ensured continuing friction between Britain and all the Arab countries, including our supposed friends in Jordan and Iraq. The bill for Captain Waterhouse's little outing is indeed a stiff one.

The details of the new pact still remain to be negotiated. But it is clear that the agreement as a whole will be welcomed by responsible opinion in Britain. There is room for considerable doubt about what exactly will materialise out of the proposal to entrust the maintenance of base installations to contractors. But it is worth remarking that, in theory, there is no reason why a piece of electronic equipment, say, or a complicated machine tool, should not be maintained at least as effectively under civil contract as under military discipline. If we have lost anything of substance at this point, it is part of the price of delay. On the other hand, both the inclusion of Turkey in the list of areas where aggression would automatically reactivate the base, and the period of 20 months for the evacuation, represent considerable gains.

General Robertson and Sir Ralph Stevenson on the British side, as well as Colonel Nasser and his advisers, are to be congratulated on the skill and understanding they have shown in negotiation. We find it difficult to offer similar congratulations to the British Government. Mr. Eden and his advisers at the Foreign Office, to say nothing of responsible military opinion, have all known, ever since the Revolutionary Council established itself in Cairo, that an agreement to evacuate was inevitable, and in all the circumstances actually desirable. The delay, which has imperilled both our relations with the Arab world and our declared strategic objectives, has been at no stage occasioned by the realities of the situation in Egypt. It has been brought about by the Tory extremists and by Sir Winston's determination to play party politics with an issue he finds personally distasteful.

Miss Horsbrugh's Crimes

In the Commons on Monday, Miss Florence Horsbrugh replied to Opposition charges that, as Minister of Education, she had starved school building, curbed and frustrated progressive Local Educational Authorities, and done her best, as an act of conscious "class" policy, to obstruct the Comprehensive School programme. Her defence—that L.E.A.s always asked for more money than they expected to get, or could effectively use; that the "bulge" of school population in the Primary age-group was passing; that the extra places being provided in Secondary schools would be adequate; and that her veto on Comprehensive projects had been used only in special circumstances—was singularly unconvincing. The fact remains that Miss Horsbrugh, since she took office, has struck a sequence of blows at educational progress, first and foremost by the suspension and slowing down of the programme of school building, but also in a number of other ways, such as her embargo on many forms of Technical College development, her failure to do anything to put the system of training grants for teachers into order or to adapt the rates of grant to the higher cost of living, her restrictions on the provision of playing fields, and her constant hostility to the L.C.C.'s school plan. If her blow at Adult Education last year glanced off, it was only because the widespread protests it aroused, and her virtual repudiation by the Prime Minister, forced her to give way for the time being.

Most disastrous has been the slowing up of school building; for though the restrictions have now been relaxed, nothing has been done to make up for the arrears that mounted up during the standstill; and we are now facing the certainty of a very serious shortage of school places for the incoming Secondary school population during the next few years. No doubt, in this case the blame does not rest exclusively on the Minister of Education; the entire Government was responsible for sacrificing educational building in order to redeem the promises the Conservatives had made to speed up the provision of houses. But the Minister's recent behaviour does not indicate that she showed any zeal in defending education against those who saw, in slowing down the building programme, an opportunity to sabotage the process of implementing the more democratic elements of the Butler Act.

We are now discovering what immense powers that Act gives a reactionary Minister. Under it, the Minister has a practically unlimited power to stop an L.E.A. from doing, even within the terms of an approved Plan, anything she happens to dislike. Under Section 13 she can disallow any proposal by an L.E.A. to set up a new County school, to take over and maintain a school which has not hitherto been fully maintained, or to shut down or cease to maintain a County school. That is sweeping enough; it has enabled Miss Horsbrugh to deprive Kidbrooke of its planned fully Comprehensive character. But Section 68 is even worse: it enables the Minister, if she thinks that any L.E.A. is acting "unreasonably," to issue "directions" whose effect is to stop them doing anything she happens to dislike, even to the extent of preventing them from carrying out the duties which the Act imposes on them. It is presumably on this Section that Miss Horsbrugh acted recently in the case of the Bec School.

The Minister has made no bones about her intense dislike of the Comprehensive School policy. She told the Conservative Women's Conference in October, 1953: "I wish to say most emphatically that I do not approve of these enormous schools." She admitted that there might be a necessity for "schools which were sometimes called Comprehensive in country districts," but she went on to say that "the L.C.C. schools are different." She lamented that she had no power to stop the building of these schools, which had been authorised by her predecessor, Mr. Tomlinson; but she went on to say that what she still had to do was to authorise the closing down of existing schools, or their alteration out of recognition, in order to feed the Comprehensive schools, and that in making her decision she had to "consider the views of local residents." Virtually inciting the Conservative women to work up local objections, she clearly meant to use Section 76, which lays down the general principle that, "so far as is compatible with the provision of efficient instruction and training and the avoidance of unreasonable public expenditure, pupils are to be educated in accordance with the wishes of their parents."

What does this Section mean? It was understood, when it was accepted, to have reference mainly to the religious controversy; but it is not limited in any way, and it can be read to mean that, subject only to the qualification concerning "unreasonable" expenditure, any minority has the right to choose, at the public expense, any kind of school it likes, and to prevent the closing, or the alteration, of any existing school. So interpreted, the Section would of course make any Comprehensive school policy utterly impossible—which is no doubt what Miss Horsbrugh would like. Moreover, it could be used to prevent not only Comprehensive schools, but also many other new types, such as Grammar-Technical schools and other varieties of Multilateral school. Miss Horsbrugh may not be able to stop the L.C.C. from building the Comprehensive schools which Mr. Tomlinson approved, but she can stop them from being Comprehensive in fact, and can in doing so greatly increase the difficulty of getting them so staffed as to be capable of developing into Comprehensive schools—for where are the additional highly qualified teachers to come from?

This brings us to the question of teacher training, the finance of which remains in a state of the uttermost confusion, with very wide differences between L.E.A.s in the payments made to supplement the Ministry's grant of £70 a year, which has remained unaltered for some time past. There is a Working Party studying this problem now; but it ought to have been dealt with long ago, and the Ministry has been refusing to sanction improvements till it has reported. The question is closely bound up with that of the provision of adequate maintenance grants for boys and girls staying at school after 15; and here again the Minister has been refusing to sanction improvements in the existing rates, some of which have not been altered since 1946. The results are seen in a decline in the number, as well as in the value, of the grants—with most evil consequences for the future supply of teachers.

Come back now to the building question. The number of new schools started rose in 1949-50 to 617. It fell to 547 the following year, and to 249 in 1951-2. In 1952-3 it was allowed to rise again to 516; but the arrears remain. The number of completed schools actually reached its peak in 1952-3—at 535; but this was mainly a result of the earlier Labour effort. The position is worse than these figures make it appear, both because, as is now admitted, the Ministry's original estimate of the need was too low, and because the programme was planned on a rising scale, until the Conservatives cut it off short on their return to power. Nor is it only school building that is badly in arrears. Miss Horsbrugh, in her Circular 245, banned further building of "community centres, village halls, youth clubs and other institutions for youth and adult welfare." She banned Technical College and similar building except for the more essential industries, such as mining, engineering, textiles and the building industry, thus excluding the wide range of general Technical College and commercial work, despite the notorious overcrowding of the existing Colleges and their dispersal in many cases among utterly obsolete buildings.

Doubtless Miss Horsbrugh is acting according to her lights. As a believer in the class system she is well aware of the importance of the snob element in education as one of its principal outworks, because it spreads the notion of social climbing right down the middle classes into the better-off strata of the working class—especially the black-coated part of it. The L.C.C.'s educational policy was the outstanding instance of direct attack on this snob misuse of education from the moment of its first formulation when Labour won control of the L.C.C. in the Thirties. This policy has not been adequately followed up in other areas largely because Labour has had in few of them the same long tenure of power. If Miss Horsbrugh could smash the London Plan she would be doing a prodigiously good stroke of business for her Tory supporters throughout the country; for what happens to London education is bound to have a very great influence on what happens elsewhere. One cannot blame Miss Horsbrugh for her political opinions. But her crimes are more than her addiction to educational snobbery. Her sins of omission constitute her the enemy of education itself.

The Man Between

It is not surprising that the Federal German Government was disconcerted when it discovered that the chief of its Counter-Intelligence was in East Berlin. All the same, Dr. John is not the first secret service man to cross the line, and the series of explanations which Bonn has offered for his defection are more than usually contradictory. On the first day, the world was confidently informed that Dr. John had been forcibly abducted, and no doubts were cast on his loyalty. Then—after a broadcast on the East German radio of what was obviously a genuine recording of John's voice—the explanations swung to the other extreme. It was revealed that he was "drunken and unreliable"; we were told that he had carried with him the list of German agents in the Eastern Zone; indeed, it was even alleged that a wave of arrests had begun there. Finally, Dr. Schroeder, Minister of the Interior, held a press conference last Monday in a somewhat calmer atmosphere. Both the previous official explanations were now expressly repudiated. John had not been forcibly abducted, nor "did the evidence indicate that he had crossed the border with treasonable intent." No documents were missing, no agents in the Eastern Zone had been arrested. It was frankly admitted that, if John had really been a Communist, he would still have been working in his office in Cologne. Dr. Schroeder then went on to suggest that a certain Dr. Wohlgemuth, an old friend of John's in Berlin and an admitted "fellow-traveller," had tricked John, or even possibly drugged him.

Dr. Schroeder's third explanation carries little more conviction than the two previously given. It may therefore be worth while to ask ourselves whether Otto John himself has not sup-

plied the key to the mystery in the explanations he gave on the East German radio. In his broadcast he stated (1) that Dr. Schroeder had made his work impossible by declaring, in the presence of pressmen, that as soon as sovereignty was achieved he would be free to entrust Counter-Intelligence to men who were "really above all doubt"; (2) that he, John, had come to the conclusion that West German policy had got into a blind alley, but that the Leipzig Church Congress [recently held in the Eastern Zone and attended by a large number of West German Protestants] had shown that there were still possibilities, which must not be forfeited, for German unification.

The first half of Dr. John's statement has now been fully confirmed by Dr. Schroeder himself. He told the journalists last Monday that John was not an appointment of his, and that he was on the point of dismissing him since "he was by temperament and from his past history quite unsuited to direct the Federal Counter-Intelligence Service." The words "from his past history" are significant. Otto John and his brother Hans (executed in 1944) were two of the most active conspirators against Hitler from 1938 until the *Putsch* of July 20, 1944. After the failure of the plot, Otto was brought to Britain and worked for the German section of the Psychological Warfare Executive. After the war, he returned to his country along with a number of other prominent anti-Nazi emigrés, for whom British influence was used to secure them the positions they deserved.

The returned emigrés, particularly the "traitors" of July 20, have always been intensely unpopular in nationalist circles. John made himself hated by collecting evidence against Von Manstein at the British war crimes trial, and later by operating his Counter-Intelligence organisation on the assumption that he was fighting on two fronts—against Nazi as well as against Communist penetration. Then, eighteen months ago, British Intelligence unearthed the Naumann conspiracy and revealed that Naumann was successfully infiltrating the Free Democratic Party, one of the partners in the Adenauer coalition. Naumann and his closest associates were arrested by Sir Ivone and handed over to the Federal authorities. Having studied the mass of evidence collected by the British, John was convinced that convictions could be secured if only Dr. Adenauer could be persuaded to permit a trial. At the time, he told many of his British friends that this would be the acid test of West German democracy. If Dr. Adenauer failed to ensure a prosecution he would soon be a prisoner of the Nazis. There was no prosecution.

Since that date, as Sefton Delmer has demonstrated in a series of sensational and extremely well-informed articles in the *Daily Express*, John's gloomy predictions have been fulfilled. The Nazis have rapidly strengthened their grip on the Bonn administration. The first cause of their success has been the eagerness of the American military authorities to employ any and every Nazi in the anti-Communist and sabotage organisations which have been proliferating in Western Germany and West Berlin. General von Gahlen's "shadow" General Staff is only one of these American-financed secret organisations, which now exert an ever-increasing influence behind the scenes in Bonn. And the second reason for the Nazi revival is Dr. Adenauer's obstinate preference for a type of civil servant of whom Dr. Globke is a perfect example. No one can dispute Dr. Globke's supreme competence; he showed it to the full as a high official in the Ministry of the Interior in the Third Reich. But to competence he added zeal when he volunteered to draft the introduction to the Nuremberg Laws. Globke is now the most powerful personality in Dr. Adenauer's Chancellery; and, not unnaturally, has long regarded Dr. John as a traitor.

To sum up, in the eyes of the Minister of the Interior and the head of the Chancellery, Dr. John is guilty on three counts. (1) He committed high treason against the Third Reich. (2) He became a British agent in 1944; was appointed head of Counter-Intelligence owing to British influence; and used that position to exclude from influence staunch anti-Communists whose only crime was their loyalty under the Third Reich. (3) When he was losing the secret battle for control of the Counter-Intelligence organisation, he "leaked" to British journalists detailed evidence of how the Nazis were establishing their grip on the Federal administration.

Between them, Dr. John and Dr. Schroeder have provided the complete explanation for Dr. John's decision to leave West Germany. But why did he not come to Britain? Did he not realise that by crossing into East Berlin he played into the hands of the Nazis he was trying to fight, and smeared with "guilt by association" anyone who took part in the conspiracy of July 20 or worked with the British during the war? Did he not see that he would make it a great deal easier for Dr. Schroeder and Dr. Globke to carry out their purge of anti-Nazi elements? No one can be sure of the answer to these questions. Those who saw John recently say that he was a broken man, solacing himself with drink; and it may well be that in his desperation he was in fact influenced by Dr. Wohlgemuth, a "fellow-traveller" for whom he felt a deep devotion because Wohlgemuth had saved his brother's life early in the war. But here again John himself has probably provided the correct explanation when he referred in his broadcast to the Leipzig Church Conference and the need to reunify Germany. He had just returned from a six-week tour of the U.S., and must have realised that the Americans are now irrevocably committed to granting Bonn sovereignty and recreating the German army—a course of action which, he was certain, could only lead to a revival of National Socialism. Moreover, he knew that Britain is pledged to support the American line. Where does the loyalty lie of a patriotic German who has fought Nazism for twenty years, and who believes that the happiness of Germany and the peace of the world can only be achieved if Germany is unified and neutralised? It is not impossible that John sincerely believes that only the Protestant Church circles of the Eastern Zone are upholding a policy compatible with his principles.

Of course, this is guesswork. But at least it is a more convincing explanation than Dr. Schroeder's talk of Dr. Wohlgemuth's hypodermic syringe. A German with no principles whatsoever can loyally serve, first, the Weimar Republic, then the Third Reich, next an Anglo-American Occupation pledged to extirpate militarism and Nazism, and finally, a West German Government rapidly coming under Nazi control. But where does the loyalty lie of a German patriot, who has lived through these political vicissitudes? Once already, John had accepted the charge of treason and helped Germany's enemies to overthrow Nazism. What should he now do? Should he be loyal to the Americans and the "democratic" Republic of Dr. Globke and General von Gahlen? He probably has no illusions about the satellite character of the East German Government. But at least Russian policy favours a unified, neutralised Germany and the withdrawal of both the Western and the Eastern armies.

Today the patriotic German who is really opposed to Nazism is The Man Between. He can give his loyalty to neither side if he is a man of principle. What Otto John's lamentable defection should teach us is that Anglo-American policy is destroying the integrity of decent Germans. It forces them either to conform with what they know to be wrong, or to take refuge in desperate and possibly futile remedies. When West Germany gains its sovereignty and the Nazis emerge from the shadows on to the stage of Bonn, many other German democrats will be forced to follow Dr. John. Instead of blaming him we should do well to ask ourselves whether there is not something wrong with a policy which condemns a conscientious anti-Nazi to a choice of desperate evils.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Paris Diary

"L'ARRÊT des hostilités en Indo-Chine était la condition préalable de tout redressement français": with these solemn words *Le Monde* began its story of the cease-fire. And, less solemnly, last week-end *Dimanche-Matin*'s headline screamed: "M. Mendès-France A Gagné Au Sprint." Each in its idiom conveys something of what Parisians were thinking last week. The metaphor chosen by *Dimanche-Matin* (the week-end the Tour de France reached its climax) hit off pretty well the sense of audacity and hazard which the public sensed in Mendès-France's "contract" with the Assembly. We felt that, of course, in Britain. Who had not heard about "Mr. France's race against the clock"? But what we probably didn't understand was the profound sickness which the ordinary people of France were feeling about the futility of the war and the futility of the political treadmill which had prolonged so much suffering and waste of resources. *Dimanche-Matin* chose the sort of words which the man in the Métro was actually speaking: *Le Monde* managed to distil the essence of his emotions.

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It was Mendès-France himself who ensnared the objective reality in the fewest possible words: "Le contenu des accords est parfois cruel, parcequ'il consacre des faits aussi cruels." So he observed in last week's Assembly debate, with the simplicity which seems to characterise his oratory. That the cease-fire agreement enshrines the cruel fact of French military disaster is—obviously—appreciated far more vividly by Frenchmen than it has been over here. Mendès-France, offered by much of the press and some of his more excitable supporters a victor's crown on his return from Geneva, has firmly and shrewdly declined to wear it. Whatever his private feelings of elation or relief at the success of his mission, he has shown himself well aware that the agreement he had to sign marks one of the more sombre episodes of French history. To the welcoming V.I.P.s at the airport, during his drive through Paris in which he was repeatedly applauded by little groups who had gathered on the street corners and, finally, before the Assembly, he has borne himself with a composure, a modesty and an absence of self-importance, which seems to have touched the public heart—not least because understatement is one of the rarer virtues in French public life.

* * *

And what next? The large vote of confidence at the end of last week's Assembly debate marks the real beginning of the Premier's political difficulties. The "month's contract" has been completed and Mendès-France must now obtain the

support of the Assembly for a programme to meet the continuing problems—E.D.C., North Africa and the economic situation. It is no secret that the last of these is his closest personal interest. He has been determined, ever since his resignation from de Gaulle's Government in 1946, to carry out a programme of economic reform which would make French industry competitive and create a sound economic basis for social reform. For the next few weeks his position is doubtless strong enough to get approval for almost anything—on paper. But if he is actually to execute a programme of economic reform and colonial liberalisation, he will soon lose popularity on the Right. Nor can he count on the Communists. Naturally, he has had their support over Indo-China, and they are not likely to oppose him while his prestige stands so high. But many of them—and notably Duclos—find it difficult to conceal their impatience and dislike. So Mendès-France, not essentially a man of the Left, must none the less look for stable support from the Left-centre and the Socialists. I guess that he has two quick party objectives—to get the Socialists into his Government and to split off the more progressive M.R.P. deputies from Bidault and the old gang.

* * *

The Socialists, I believe, will be willing to go in if only the issue of E.D.C. can somehow be shelved or settled. At present their divisions are so deep as to paralyse them. So, even if Eisenhower and Adenauer were not holding a pistol to his head, Mendès-France would have every incentive to deal with the German problem at once. His solution? I understand that he regards the form of E.D.C., with its disproportionate surrender of French sovereignty, as even more objectionable than West German sovereignty. So I should expect him to make the immediate gesture to Eisenhower and Adenauer of ratifying the Bonn Treaty, and then to appease the Socialists by erecting every kind of obstacle to delay the actual arming of the Federal Republic.

* * *

Whether this proves a good guess, or whether the Premier decides to chance an early Assembly vote on the straight issue of E.D.C. ratification, the German problem constitutes at present a formidable obstacle to Socialist participation in the Government. The prospects of splitting the M.R.P. may be somewhat brighter. Mendès-France may possibly be helped to secure the support of the social reformers in the Party by Robert Schuman, who seems more and more obviously out of step with Bidault. Last week, immediately before the opening of the Indo-China debate, M.R.P. deputies held a private meeting to consider Bidault's speech. They insisted on a drastic toning down of its bitterness towards Mendès-France and the Geneva agreement. This decision, although taken in private, constituted a remarkable humiliation for Bidault; for the original content of his speech was already known to the press. Immediately after this acrimonious Party meeting, Robert Schuman entered the Chamber and ostentatiously greeted the Premier with an affectionate double hand-clasp, which may have contained as much political as personal significance.

* * *

Before Mendès-France went off to Geneva he set up a Brains Trust, under the chairmanship of Edgar Faure and consisting mainly of young civil servants and economists, to work out, against his return, the main heads of an economic programme. Duly at the end of last week the Brains Trust presented the Premier with the fruits of their labours; and, if rumour in Paris is to be believed, were promptly sent packing and told to come back with far more sweeping proposals. There is indeed plenty of opportunity for friction between the Premier, expert and opinionated on economic matters, and Monsieur Faure, his principal financial adviser, who was also Finance Minister in the Laniel Government. But it is politically important to the success of the new Government that these two should get along. Mendès-France must be able to count on Radical support, at least to the extent of the fifty or so Left-wingers in the Party, who may be much influenced by Faure. Faure's influence may, indeed, turn out to be decisive; for René Mayer, leader of the Right-wing Radicals, is already telling his friends, in an ominous way, that he "will have a word or two to say" about the economic programme when it appears.

* * *

The truth is that Mendès-France's economic dilemma is a real one; and the probability is that it has divided his Brains Trust. His basic economic purpose is a great increase in capital investment, in the interest of both production and productivity. Even in a country which produces its own food, this must involve cuts in certain kinds of consumption, as well as a considerable redistribution of manpower from distributive and clerical work into production. But how to do it? By compulsion to ensure that the standards of the working-class are protected? Then René Mayer's "word or two" will become very lengthy, and the Government will lose a lot of Parliamentary support in the Centre, as well as saddling itself with the formidable task of imposing peacetime controls on the French. Or by relaxing import quotas, refusing protection and allowing free competition to squeeze out the weak, even at the expense of temporary unemployment? But if so, how to command the loyalty of the Socialists? They are not going to be a party to an economic programme aimed at making the working class the principal victims of a "realist" economic policy. It is this dilemma which makes me, on the whole, pessimistic about Mendès-France's prospects—especially since he commands no ready-made political following and will have to angle for support in the Assembly as he goes along.

* * *

Cripps in a slightly similar situation never had to worry about his Parliamentary majority. Right, or (as sometimes happened) wrong, he knew he could count on the loyalty of an organised majority party. What is more, the loyalty was, on the whole, readily given. For even when there were occasional tiffs, no one doubted that Cripps was sincerely a Socialist and belonged to the Labour movement. But I doubt whether Cripps could have succeeded, if his circumstances had been those of Mendès-France. Without a party machine at his bidding, he would have tripped too often in the House: without a stiffening of Socialist dogma, he would never have commanded the loyalty of the working class. Mendès-France has neither. And yet the difficulties are hypothetical, the achievement—so far—real. If Mendès-France succeeds, it will be because the ordinary people of France are sick of the double-talk and incompetence of men like Bidault and Pleven, contemptuous of the bovine stupidity of Laniel, and ready to follow a new leader simply because he appears to be a brave, capable and honest man, whose actions are based on respect for his followers.

It is an open secret that Mendès-France intends, through François Mitterrand, his very able young Minister of the Interior, to carry out extensive reforms in the Prefecture—very likely in other parts of the public service as well. The first move has been in Paris, where a new, liberal and, so far, popular Prefect, André Dubois, has been appointed in place of the much-hated Jean Baylot. The reason for the policy of change is partly, no doubt, to allow as many new brooms as possible to sweep out some of France's dirty corners; partly because of the suspicion that too many of the Prefects of the extreme Right have potentially dangerous political contacts. But in Paris it all seems less theoretical than that. The new Prefect has actually dedicated himself to the almost unprecedented task of making life a little happier, a little less uncomfortable, for Parisians. Scarcely a day goes by without news of some new and dangerous reform. On *Le Quatorze*, for instance, the police were firmly instructed not to use unnecessary force on the revellers, and, as a result, for the first time within living memory, heads were not broken on the Left Bank that night. And the disorders were fewer than usual. Dubois has now set himself the task of making Paris something less than the noisiest city in Europe. New regulations have been issued, banning the use of motor horns. Effective? Not very, I fear. Monsieur Dubois got cold feet and added "except in case of emergency". His knowledge of Gallic psychology was not so good as his intentions.

FLAVUS

FORGET-ME-NOT

A new era of friendly relations based on mutual trust . . . opens up between Egypt and Britain. —Colonel Nasser, July 27th.

Rejoice! For Egypt wins her Sovereign Right,
The foreign Noose is loosened overnight,
And Cairo Colonels to the faithful swear
Great Britain is the Moon of their Delight.

No more the Wafd the march of Fate impedes,
Now Colonel Nasser to Neguib succeeds;
Now everlasting Amity is signed
In Farouk's Rest House by the Pyramids.

How oft, as Archæologists resume
Their digging in some Royal ante-room,
The buried Rubble clearing hour by hour—
Only to find at last a vacant tomb—

How oft have Conversations been adjourned,
And Compromise impertinently spurned,
How many guilty Pashas have been tried,
How many Tram-Cars riotously burned,

Till now, the Anglo-Egypt Feud hath ceased,
And friendship pledged, for Seven Years at least,
For Major Salem now by Britain stands
Her staunchest pal throughout the Middle East.

Now Britain grants Egyptians' old desire,
Evacuation of the Zone entire,
And where her Caravan hath rested, Lo,
Naught will be left when twenty Moons expire.

As single Guardian of the Suez Gate,
Egypt no longer a Protectorate,
Her heart by Britain's absence made more fond,
Will never now become a Monroe State.

And though Imperial Britain yields her ground,
And though her Dynasty hath been uncrowned,
What by this Mutual Treaty hath been lost
One half so precious as the Pearl she found?

For Seventy Years upon the Desert's face
A Dusty Answer only she could trace,
But now upon the burning Sands, behold,
The Flower of Friendship bloometh at the Base.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A housewife summoned for throwing a brush at a woman neighbour told Grimsby magistrates yesterday: "I don't mind what names she calls me when I go out the back door, but when I go out by the front door and she calls me names, that makes me mad."—*Daily Herald.* (G. M. Thornton.)

A 16-year-old boy already on probation, who appeared before the juvenile court at Stroud, Gloucestershire, yesterday, was said to have stolen a bicycle to report to the probation officer.—*News Chronicle.* (D. W. Hobson.)

Equipment designed for field cooking in the Crimean war was used in the Isle of Wight's first large-scale C.D. emergency feeding exercise yesterday.—*News Chronicle.* (P. M. Rowlatt.)

For services rendered the pages at the wedding of Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton and Mr. Adrian Bailey received one bottle of port each.

In the meantime—until the port matures—they have been given toy tanks.—*Sunday Express.* (S. W. Pollak.)

If we firmly and conscientiously avoid small bitches and big doghounds, breed our pack for work, and get them as good-looking as we can we shall have done as much for our country as a man may reasonably do, and perhaps a good deal more than our particular country had much right to expect.—*Horse and Hound.* (R. W. Dargavel.)

Jaded Commons

THIS Parliament, at the end of its third session, is a weary, jaded and disgruntled animal. In the past months its flashes of occasional life cannot be described as the product of sudden surges of energy. They have been manifestations of irritation and frustration which have produced, now and then, a spasmodic semblance of activity, as when a mangy old dog, provoked by indigestion or fleas, jerks out of its sleep to bite its own flank.

The Conservative disillusion stems from the failure of a doctrine. The crusaders against Socialism who came happily to Westminster in 1951 were wedded to the belief that they could create a free, competitive, dynamic economy, offering incentive to the energetic and discipline to the indolent, in which rewards would be unlimited whilst the masses were kept quiescent. But despite the ending of consumer rationing, which in any case has been welcomed in the country with a shrug of the shoulders and an anxious counting of the pennies in the purse, they have achieved little. The two measures which were to have epitomised the clean break from Socialism—the denationalisation of steel and road haulage—have disappointed. Commercial TV has been whipped through against public and Parliamentary pressure, but has emerged as a pallid weakling instead of the lusty recruit to competitive capitalism its supporters had hoped to father. The return of the market economy in agriculture has been thwarted by the farmers who did not want to be freed and by a Government which dared not kick them into freedom. So, after a series of tactical successes, the crusaders are left on the battlefield no nearer to the liberation of Jerusalem; and when they swing their battle-axes in frustration they are as likely to hack a slice out of a friend as a foe.

The Labour Opposition entered the battle in 1951 ironically crying "Where is the red meat?" and had some good clean fun at the expense of Lord Woolton and the Tory promise to build 300,000 houses a year. They were eager to battle for the unemployed and were vigorously determined to fight against a return to the 1930s. But the unemployed have not materialised, nor has the depression. The red meat is in the shops, at a price, and 300,000 houses are being built each year. The traditional Socialist role in Opposition, to speak for the oppressed, has therefore lost its dynamism. It is hard to achieve drama out of the argument that even though there is no unemployment at the moment, there may be an American depression, and then there may be unemployment, and what, on the basis of these two hypotheses, does the Government propose to do? It is difficult to produce moral indignation on the argument that—well, maybe the Government has built 300,000 houses a year, but they are "awful small" houses. The rents issue provided the only current fuel for party warfare in the classical tradition. But even here the Government, to the dissatisfaction of its supporters, produced a formula the real effects of which are still in doubt.

The Labour Left has fared little better than the rest in finding issues around which political opinion could polarise. Having won the case that a reduction in arms expenditure was inevitable, it discovered that the Prime Minister was the first convert. After Aneurin Bevan's resignation from the front bench on the issue of the South-East Asia security pact, it found that Bevan, Attlee, Churchill and Eden were speaking the same language, although with different adjectives. And Eden who (according to Bevan) was in May betraying peace in the Far East, was in July the saviour of Far Eastern peace. During the session, differences on foreign affairs have hardened, and Parliamentary schisms have appeared, but they have not created a gap across which the two major parties could face each other, each internally united around a recognisably different standard. Rather have the cracks sprung open to Right, Left and Centre, like the break-up of an ice-field when it reaches the warmer seas.

Labour has divided on German rearmament. That this split was not as harmful as it might have been was due to the fact that the debate was conducted with sincerity and good temper. Unlike previous brawls, which ended in an unhealthy welter of confused principles and clashing personalities, the disagreement on Germany was a healthy expression of political vigour. The Conservative split on foreign policy, like their domestic disagreements, was an expression of resentment and frustration because the change of Government did not mark a dramatic change in policy. The 1951 victory was to end the Socialist policy of global scuttle. But Mr. Eden is now scuttling from Egypt. This has given both the new Tory intellectuals, and the old Tories who live nostalgically in the days when Egypt was a pleasant station for military men, a clear issue around which to coalesce.

The fact that the Suez issue has come to a head at the same time as the long summer recess does not mean that the spirit of rebellion will vanish by the autumn. On many issues, from the Crichel Down affair to Members' pay, back-benchers have registered victories. Behind most of these eruptions lies the demand for a real Tory policy at home and abroad—a policy which the aggressive back-benchers do not expect to be given by the elderly Churchill, the compromising Eden, or the Butler who dilly dallies with semi-Socialism. Had Sir Winston shuffled his Government periodically as Attlee did, many rebels would have been silenced by the anticipation of office. Now, at the eleventh hour, the resignations of Sir Thomas Dugdale and Mr. Lyttelton have compelled Churchill to carry out substantial changes. But whether, in doing so, he will have managed to silence for the present the baying of the 1922 Committee, remains to be seen. Certainly the Premier's own retirement has become even more a subject of hourly speculation.

On current form the Labour Opposition is not in much better fettle. There is, however, no immediate crisis of leadership. Attlee in two notable speeches, on the H-Bomb and on Anglo-American relations, has silenced the growing Attlee-Must-Go movement. Some claim that, having stolen Bevan's clothes, he finds that they fit and will continue to wear them. This is an over-simplification. What has happened is part of the Attlee technique. Over a long period he collects the voices whilst he doodles, and then, when he judges the moment opportune, he enunciates the highest common factor of party agreement. On German rearmament he may have misheard the voices, but, should the Party Conference decide against the official line, he will, again according to tradition, be the first to accept the will of Conference. It is Aneurin Bevan who, paradoxically, will be personally most weakened by a Party decision against German rearmament. If, as may well happen, the combined trade union and Constituency Party vote goes against him on the election of Treasurer, but in the same week comes down in favour of a main plank in his policy on German rearmament, Conference will have rejected the man but accepted his policy; and Hugh Gaitskell emerges, even though his policy may be rejected, as the third figure in the Party hierarchy.

But even though leadership seems consolidated, another parliamentary session like the last, in which the only really intense heat was generated on Members' pay, would be disastrous for Labour. Two things are needed to dissipate the present apathy; first, the emergence of a domestic and foreign policy clearly distinguishable from that of the Government, and secondly an urgent determination to bring the Government down. *Challenge to Britain*, as amended by last year's Conference, contains the nucleus of a new aggressive approach which might recapture some of the vision without which Labour's policy becomes mainly the furtherance of sectional welfare within an antagonistic and inegalitarian society. On foreign policy, if we can agree that, in the light of the new Russian approach, the time for talking peace is not yet spent, there is hope of unanimity. The main danger comes, however, from that small section which still believes, despite Dulles, that the main charge on British foreign policy must be to preserve the Anglo-American alliance at all costs.

There remains the problem of bringing down this worn, spent administration. We have now learned, from the open warfare on Members' pay, that the uncompromising refusal to accommodate the Tory Member is a more powerful weapon than we had imagined. We need more imaginative handling of our Parliamentary forces to exploit to the maximum the weariness and dissension of the Tories. This may demand a new approach to the selection of the senior Parliamentary strategist, the Chief Whip. It would be no bad thing if the job were regarded, not as the culmination to a worthy career, but as a stepping stone to higher office, so that some of the younger and more aggressive emerging leaders might be encouraged to tackle the job for a couple of years. This could vitalise and energise the technical deployment of parliamentary Opposition. It could also bring an end to this Parliament.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Law Behind McCarthy

(By an American Correspondent)

THE growing opposition to the crude tactics of Senator McCarthy is healthy, yet politically superficial. McCarthy is merely the most nakedly aggressive member of a larger gang of political demagogues, who now have great power in the U.S. It is an odd footnote to history that the term "McCarthyism" today embraces political policies that originated not with McCarthy, but with others. These policies the Senator has embraced, and now furthers in ugly fashion. But they are larger than he is, and more fundamental. The ability of McCarthy and Attorney-General Brownell to accuse President Truman and previous Democratic Administrations of treason, disloyalty, and pro-Communism, rests upon a political foundation. This foundation has nothing to do with fact or truth, of course; what it derives from is the seven-year witch-hunt against the Left which Truman and the Democrats originated, and which McCarthy, Eisenhower, Brownell and others in the Republican Administration are now pursuing. It is the witch-hunt that is the deadly, fundamental fact in the American political scene. So long as it continues, and is accepted, McCarthyism will flourish irrespective of whether McCarthy's own wings are clipped or he himself drops dead. Moreover, those who silently accept, or vocally approve, this witch-hunt, have no basis upon which to combat McCarthy or McCarthyism.

To understand the real strength of McCarthy, one must seek it in the use by Mr. Truman and his successor of a piece of legislation—the Smith Act. The core of this law is the core of McCarthyism also; it is the concept that the advocacy of Marxist political ideas is a criminal act meriting punishment. The Smith Act does not make criminal Marxist ideas as such. In theory it applies only to those who "advocate, abet, advise," etc. . . . "the necessity, desirability," etc. . . . "of overthrowing or destroying any government in the U.S. by force or violence." In practice it has been used against leaders of the Communist Party. Yet here one is confronted by an astonishing fact: not one of the Communists convicted under this law has ever been accused of advocating the overthrow of the Government. No evidence of speech, writing or deed, has been introduced by the Government to support this charge. Why then have they been brought to trial?

There is a legal trap embodied in this law—the word "conspiracy"—which makes it unnecessary for the Government to prove the defendants guilty of any overt act. In essence the crime charged against them is their thinking, their ideas, and their mutual agreement to spread those ideas. This is formally expressed by the following indictment: "*conspiracy* to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence." By this logic two hungry men on a park bench might be sent to prison for mental intent to steal, or two others, who gaze admiringly at a woman, for conspiracy to rape.

In fact, these are trials, not for crimes committed, but for an agreement to advocate "heretical" thoughts which, the Government asserts, may someday lead to crime. Central to all these trials is a judgment not of the indicted persons, but of books and theory. After the prosecution witnesses identify the accused as members of the Communist Party, they proceed to testify that they saw Communist literature sold at meetings and in lecture classes. These writings are then introduced into evidence on the theory that they serve to establish "the nature, and character, and aims, and objectives, of the Communist Party." The writings thus introduced may number as many as five hundred exhibits. The next step is for the prosecution to read from Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, and others—unrelated excerpts torn out of context, without reference to the time, place and circumstances under which they were written. These readings, of course, are designed to show the jury that the theoretical literature of the Communist movement does advocate overthrow of government by force and violence.

Meanwhile the defendants have invariably offered proof that they never advocated force, or violence, or the overthrow of the Government. Some of them have been prominent Communists for ten, twenty or thirty years. They have written much, spoken widely. It easily could be established, they argue, whether they had in fact advocated force and violence. They ask the Government to produce evidence. The Government answer to this defence is to put up expert—ex-Communist—witnesses who testify that all the years of writing and public speaking were performed in double talk meant to deceive the public at large, yet understood by Communists to mean something entirely different—i.e., that even though force and violence never were advocated, this is what was meant.

In these circumstances, of course, indictment is practically equivalent to conviction. So it has been in practice. There is still more, however, to demonstrate that the Government, in conducting these trials, has as little concern for justice as McCarthy has for intellectual freedom when he orders books to be cast out of libraries. In a recent Smith Act trial in Seattle the defence called its own expert witness on Marxism. He was Dr. Herbert J. Phillips, for twenty years Professor of Philosophy at the University of Washington, now dismissed from the Faculty because of his acknowledged membership of the Communist Party. Unlike the "expert" witnesses who testify for the Government, Dr. Phillips was not permitted by the court to testify at all. Instead, the prosecution was allowed to demand of him that he name all members of the Communist Party he knew. When he refused to become an informer, the judge declared him to be in contempt of court and sentenced him to prison for the duration of the trial, and for three years thereafter.

If the defendants thus find it impossible to defend themselves successfully, it is becoming equally difficult for lawyers to assume their defence without risk of economic blacklist and, as has happened to a number of them, imprisonment for contempt of court. Meanwhile, the expert witnesses used by the Government travel the land like a troupe of performing acrobats. They are, for the most part, either undercover agents sent into the Communist Party by the F.B.I. or ex-Communists who have become paid informers They go from trial to trial, from committee to committee. Nor does the Government cease employing them in this capacity despite the fact that again and again many of them have been caught out in gross lies in the witness-box. There is, of course, a law against perjury, but the Government does not apply it to them; informing has become a safe, lucrative career in America.

On June 4, 1951, the majority of the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the constitutionality of the Smith Act, and the conviction of the first eleven defendants. Two Justices dissented. Their opinions did not capitulate to the current hysteria. Justice Hugo Black said:

> At the outset I want to emphasise what the crime involved in this case is, and what it is not. These petitioners are not charged with an attempt to overthrow the Government. They were not charged with non-verbal acts of any kind designed to overthrow the Government. The charge is that they agreed to assemble and talk and publish certain ideas at a later date. The indictment is that they conspired to organise the Communist Party and to use speech or newspapers and other publications in the future to teach and advocate the forcible overthrow of the Government. No matter how it is worded, this is a virulent form of prior censorship of speech and press, which I believe the First Amendment forbids.

Justice William Douglas added:

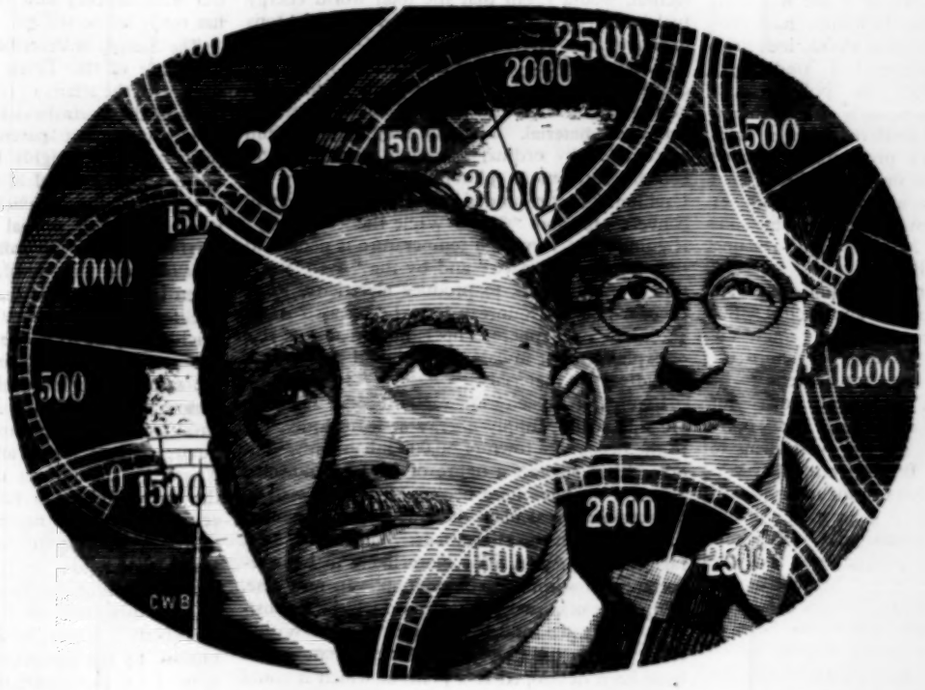
> The doctrine of conspiracy has served divers and oppressive purposes and in its broad reach can be made to do great evil. But never until today has anyone seriously thought that the ancient law of conspiracy makes speech do service for deeds which are dangerous to society. Yet that is precisely what is suggested. I repeat that we deal here with speech alone, not with speech plus acts of sabotage or unlawful conduct.

Around the dissents, a campaign for amnesty has been launched in the U.S. It needs to be world-wide in scope. It is not at all a matter of rescuing Communists from prison. The Communist Party can better afford to have its leaders in prison than the United States—or the world—can afford to have McCarthyism enthroned.

Atoms in Mufti

THE day when atomic energy will grill the chops, freeze the ice-cream, and generally actuate the gadgets in British homes is much nearer than the authorities will admit. One morning—my guess is sometime next year—the new domestic servant will arrive unobtrusively for the job, without the housewives being aware of any association with Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Calder Hall, Britain's first industrial atomic energy station, is already well advanced. The station, just across the narrow stream from Windscale, the mammoth plutonium factory in Cumberland, is being built in two parts simultaneously—the reactors, which convert uranium into plutonium and release heat at ultra-high temperatures in the process; and the electrical generating plant which will convert this heat into electricity. Beyond this stage, the power will be switched into the national grid; atomic-generated electricity will be "pooled" with supplies generated by coal or water.

Official reticence about possible dates is due, not to Security, but to possible competition. There is a fear that, if a "deadline" were announced, we might be acting as pace-maker to our competitors: they might put on a final spurt and beat us. A few weeks ago the only country which might have forestalled us with a full-scale industrial plant was the U.S. Since then, the Russians have announced—and no one seriously doubts it—that they have a 5,000-kilowatt nuclear power station at work. This means that they are definitely in the running (although their present unit is small in comparison with Calder Hall) and, what is more, the Soviet announcement will speed up the American efforts. For they will see in the Soviet industrial initiative a new move in the Cold War. When Mr. Thomas Murray, of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, was trying to convince Americans that they ought to be "muscling in" on industrial atomic energy (which, of course, runs contrary to the interests of the coal, natural gas, oil and hydro-electric power groups in the United States), he said he



Pressure Product

IN 1939 I.C.I. began the works-scale production of a new plastic that was to play a major role in defeating Hitler's air armada. The plastic was polythene, the white, tough, flexible material that provided the high-frequency insulation in almost every wartime radar set. Without polythene, the Allied land and sea radar systems could not have developed as they did — let alone airborne radar. No other material could supply the combination of insulating and mechanical properties that airborne radar needed. Polythene's discovery in 1933 was the result of research on the effect of extreme pressure on chemical reactions. It was pure research, inasmuch as it was aimed primarily at the acquisition of scientific knowledge. But it yielded polythene.

Making polythene in large quantities was a difficult task. Ethylene gas had to be heated at pressures similar to those produced in a 15-inch naval gun. Such pressures were greater than had ever been used in chemical plant before. The first experimental safety-valve blew the skylights out of the laboratory, while a gauge- or pipe-burst was not uncommon. But by September, 1939, the Research Team handed the world's first polythene plant over to the works in time to meet the wartime needs of radar. Today, this unusual plastic is doing its unique job as a high-frequency insulator in many branches of the growing electronics industries — in radio and television; in radar and electronic control equipment; and in undersea cables — but it has also been found ideal for many other uses, from cold-water tubing to packaging film — of which hundreds of miles are produced each week.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

ICI

would have been more alarmed if the Russians, instead of announcing the H-Bomb, had proclaimed that they had a working atomic industrial power-plant and were prepared to trade their knowledge and experience for political and economic advantages—particularly for uranium. There was a measure of truth in what he said, because the U.S. military programme depends upon supplies of uranium ore from the Belgian Congo, Australia, Canada and South Africa, or upon supplies of thorium (which can be converted into Uranium 233, a chain-reacting material) from India and Brazil.

Politically, these countries may not seem particularly amenable to Russian approaches. But there is more than politics in this. These are power-hungry countries, looking for short-cuts to industrialisation; they are not content to be the miners of uranium, to supply power for others. Lord Cherwell, apparently, got a salty answer when he tried to get the Australians to commit their supplies to Britain on a thirty-year agreement. They, like others, want to be paid in kind—with atomic-energy generating plants. Such an export trade, in atomic-piles, is a definite objective of the British programme, and one which offers great opportunities, because atomic energy is "foot-loose" energy. Plants can be set down in the most unlikely places—the heart of the Matto Grosso or the Sahara, if need be—to create oases of industry, independent of massive supply communications. Fuelling of such a plant does not require roads, railways or pipe-lines. In terms of potential energy, a piece of uranium or plutonium no bigger than a match-box is equivalent to 150 ten-ton trucks of coal. The occasional replenishments, therefore, could be flown in—by helicopter, if need be. Countries can think of dispersed development.

Britain, however, is a power-hungry country itself. If it is to maintain its position as an industrial nation, it must push ahead its atomic programme, with an urgency which America does not feel. At present, the American worker has at his disposal three times as much energy as his opposite number here. If our consumption of energy were on the same scale as that of America, we should be using 500 million tons of coal and, if we are to remain in competition, in 20 years' time we should be using 1,000 million tons. The most optimistic predictions do not put our 1975 coal production at more than a quarter of that. But, short of such big ambitions, the British Electricity Authority's present programme will require 13,000,000 tons more coal by 1960, and it is unlikely that the National Coal Board will be able to provide it. That is why the Electricity Authority has appointed a Chief Atomic Engineer, whose department will design the net-work of atomic-power generators. His job, for the present, will be to work closely with the Department of Atomic Energy, with its planners at Risley, Lancs, with the engineers at Calder Hall, and with the constructors of the "breeder-pile" at Dounreay, in Caithness.

These two prototype industrial atomic-energy stations are different in kind. Calder Hall is a "convertor-reactor." It converts uranium into plutonium on the the same principle as that of the piles which make the fission bomb charges. Instead of the heat going up the chimneys, as at Windscale, it is put to work. The heat is extracted from the piles by a coolant, which may be a gas or a liquid metal, and is transferred to a secondary system which produces steam at very high temperatures to drive turbines and make electricity. The process produces plutonium which can be used for other piles—or, of course, for bombs. A "breeder-pile" is different; it produces more fuel than it consumes and, in its ultimate perfection, would mean that the total world energy fuel requirements could be met by only 170 tons of uranium a year. The principle is that of a furnace-and-oven. An inner core, in which the chain-reaction is much fiercer than in the convertor-pile, is surrounded by an envelope of unprocessed material. The core may be plutonium surrounded by ordinary uranium, which it will convert into more plutonium; or it may be Uranium 233 surrounded by thorium, which it will convert into more "233." While the "breeding" is going on, a very high temperature is generated both by the "furnace" and by the "oven"; and this is put to work to produce electricity. The breeder-pile at Dounreay is to be encased in an enormous steel sphere. This is not because of risk of explosion, but in case there should be any leak of radioactive materials.

Figures of capacity are vague. Calder Hall, we are told, will "supply energy at least equivalent to the needs of a town of 50,000 inhabitants," but other hints suggest a figure of 100,000 kilowatts. Security operates here because it is supposed to be possible to calculate the amount of plutonium produced from the kilowattage. That seems a bit far-fetched. Again, it is more likely to be a reluctance to stimulate competition. In any case, within the next two years, Britain will be in business producing industrial atomic energy. Within twenty years, the breeder-reactor programme will have been developed to a point at which it could replace coal-fuelled electricity and constitute a nuclear power system equivalent to the present conventional one. Sir Francis E. Simon reckons that such a system would cost between two and three thousand million pounds, and would take until the end of the century to complete. He points out, too, that by that time we shall be needing about five times as much power as at present. There is, therefore, no question of nuclear power "closing down the pits" or reducing the demand for coal in this generation or the next. Indeed, atomic power has become imperative, as a supplement to coal and to every other source of energy we can muster.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Seasons

SOME day it may be useful to inquire why women have held so important a place in the Soviet literature of the last few years, and why women, rather than men, novelists have tended to be non-conformists and dissenters. A couple of years ago, for instance, Antonina Koptiayeva published her *Ivan Ivanovich*, a novel on the domestic difficulties of a surgeon, whose wife, though an excellent woman in her own way, finally runs off with another man. The adultery committed by this Soviet "Madame Bovary" caused such a row in Soviet literary circles that Koptiayeva finally agreed to re-write her novel and turn it into a more conformist affair. Now we have another woman novelist, Vera Panova, causing an even bigger storm with her new novel, *The Seasons*. Panova is no beginner; she is the author of two post-war best sellers and a highly skilled literary craftsman. In her previous novels, she had touched on "personal problems" but with delicacy and restraint. This time she has really let herself go.

The Seasons is described in its sub-title as "A Chronicle of the Town of Ensk." It concerns itself with the affairs of two families, the Kuprianovs and the Bortasheviches. In the former case, good Communist parents produce a son who turns out a thoroughly bad egg and gets mixed up in a local scandal of thievery and corruption; in the latter, Bortashevich, the head of the family, is a high local official who becomes gradually corrupted under the influence of his painted-up *petit bourgeois* wife, until, at the end of the book, when it is discovered that he has been "robbing the State" for twenty years, he is driven to suicide. Apart from the two families with whose fortunes the story is principally concerned, there are numerous incidental characters drawn with Panova's usual skill. Among them are many children; and, while most of these are good little Soviet citizens, some are depicted as hooligans. There are the various officials and engineers of the town, and an architect, who, without being actually corrupt, is nevertheless unduly ambitious—always wanting to build "super" buildings which flatter his vanity. Another character is the chairman of the Town Council, who is guilty of nepotism and of "promising new flats to everybody": worse, he allows his judgment to be blinded by the sumptuous dinners thrown in his honour by Bortashevich and his wife. Finally, there is the local underworld—crooks, thieves, and black-marketeers, whose contacts include senior Party officials.

The story, in other words, is a tale of small-town life. In England it would be regarded as commonplace enough. It could perhaps have been written by Arnold Bennett or even, currently, by Norman Collins. As a Soviet phenomenon, however, its interest is that a good half of the characters are very far from being perfect Soviet citizens; and even the most virtuous of them seem to be obsessed by their creature comforts and, above all, by the problem of housing. The whole atmosphere of the book is unheroic. Altogether, it is inconceivable that a novel of this kind could have been published in the Stalin era. Moreover, *The Seasons* is in no sense a satire. Is it then a realistic account of Soviet provincial life? That, at any rate, is what some of the Soviet critics thought. But not *Pravda*. According to that journal, the novel was not realistic, but "naturalistic": the facts might be true; perhaps "such things did happen"; but as a realistic summing up of Soviet life the picture was profoundly and basically false.

We are here at the very heart of the discussion. *Pravda's* complaint is that Soviet life, unlike *petit bourgeois* life elsewhere, is not composed just of births, marriages, deaths, and everyday joys and sorrows; while the very title of this book suggests that people and life are much the same everywhere. *Pravda* finds it unbelievable, for instance, that such events as the first Five Year Plan or Collectivisation or the war of 1941-1945 should have left no appreciable trace on any of the major characters of Panova's book. In short, says Kochetov, the *Pravda* critic, the novel "does not belong to the great stream of Soviet literature." Yet other Soviet critics have described it as a "social and psychological novel," a "novel of manners," an "educational novel," and even as "life itself." Kochetov raises a major literary problem when he observes: "the trouble with Panova is that she does not really condemn anything at all." In short, the implication of the review is that Panova's novel represents a dangerous departure from Socialist realism, and a deviation towards a kind of old-fashioned

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fatalism and humanism. The novel, says Kochetov, is full of " very old echoes " :

> The author of *The Seasons* expects us " to feel sorry " for people, to " understand " them, to " put ourselves in their place " . . . . But all this *petit bourgeois* happiness and unhappiness is something that is not significant. It is a phenomenon which travels freely from one piece of history to another, without much changing its face.

This *Pravda* attack is all the more interesting, as it follows a number of articles in *Literary Gazette*, *Isvestia*, and elsewhere, welcoming Panova's book as a departure from the stodgy, heroic stuff of recent years, and a turning-point in Soviet literature. It is significant of the cleavage between the moralists of Socialist realism and certain new tendencies much closer to the old pre-revolutionary Russian realism—tendencies which are now dismissed by *Pravda* as " naturalistic," but which are essentially much less flattering to *homo Sovieticus*.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Palace of Dancing

TAXIS being, in the *milieu*, luxuries like poems, for Births, Marriages, Deaths, I insisted it should be a hop with late buses home. So I stood in the small mob buying my late-bus ticket and my admission ticket together, the mob being mostly young men as breathless as myself at having run from the pub to make the admission deadline. There is no admission to dances after the pubs have closed; nevertheless men have been known to get drunk before closing time. We stood a long time in the foyer.

The dance-hall was very full; it was impossible to tell who was dancing and who was standing around. There was a low ceiling of decorations and an even lower one of cigarette smoke. The usual gang of blazer-boys stood around the doorway, blazers bearing the emblem of their cause, universities, steelworks, colleges, Old Boys' Association, rugby clubs. Instinctively I tried to reach the farthest end of the room. The only way it could be done was to move with the dancers; they were impassable. I was bumped by, jammed between, tripped by the waltzers; passed the six-piece band, two of the pieces bald and fat, like brothers, playing by the hour; reached the other end of the room only to find the six-deep chairs filled with people kissing each other.

At the lemonade counter there was a friend of mine drinking. " Cheer up," I said.

" Hello," he said. " Tell me, what's the use? What is the use? "

I looked. The dancers were singing—young men suppliantly, into their partners' hair; the partners devotionally, eyes closed, at the ceiling.

" Look at those two."

He pointed and I looked at two heavily-made-up blonde dwarfs.

" I teach them arithmetic," said Tom. " Fifteen years old. Next month one of them's going to the pop works, the other one to the sack works. It makes you sick."

A girl of about nineteen standing alongside us said: " Isn't it a lovely song? More like a poem."

The man she was with leaned towards her and sang:

> " Every time I hear a new-born baby cry
> Or touch a leaf
> Or see the sky
> I know why
> I believe."

The girl put her head against his chest and they went away dancing and singing.

" What price revolution," said Tom.

I asked him why he didn't dance.

" I'll tell you," he replied. " I'm afraid they'll sing in my face."

The café opened at eleven. The air there was cool and brightly lit; blue and yellow craft from coracle to aircraft-carrier sailed on a pink sea below a pink sky along the walls; the table-tops were pink. A boy of seventeen rushed past me to the counter. He was covered in sawdust and asked for whisky in a loud voice. A tall corseted bouncer with high shoulders, smiling slightly, took the boy by the shoulder and led him to the door. I sat at a table with four people whose third dance this was in five days. This was a good dance, a bit crowded, perhaps, but that was part of the fun, wasn't it, lots of people and lots of noise and such a good band.

While I was sitting at the table, the bouncer brought two sick-looking boys out of the dance-hall and led them by the collar to the door into the street. A little later there was some commotion at the door and we all thought the boys were trying to re-admit themselves. One of the girls at the table hoped, oh dear, that there wasn't going to be a fight to spoil it all. But it was only a mother and daughter looking for a daughter and sister. They had already looked for her at two other dances in the town. She wasn't at this one either. The only person in the room shouting was a blonde woman at its centre table. She was propping up the head of the man sitting opposite her with her hand and saying, " Last time he brought the bloody police in. Let him try it again, and I'll break his bloody neck." Her partner was fast asleep.

I went back into the hall and shuffled tiredly around the floor, jostled, kicked, taking all dances as they came, waltz, quick-step, tango, with the same movement of the feet, in the soporific warmth. I wore a paper Hussar's hat at an angle on my head. Faces all around me were sweating; make-up was dissolving; eye-sockets smudged with mascara; grubby handmarks on white dresses; red faces shining; men's faces damp and white with bright lipstick prints; girls' faces with the lipstick wet to the chin; drunks stumbling; patient girls smiling nicely; the ecstatic faces screwed up in song.

Tom was dancing with a tall, cool girl in an off-the-shoulder dress. I bumped into him. " How's the class war? " I shouted. The girl looked at me curiously. It was almost midnight and people had already begun to leave. Couples were executing definable dance-steps; four girls were jitterbugging together; there was no creeping. Girls who had been sitting around the walls when I came in were still sitting there, cheerlessly now, not bothering to smile any more, hands in lap. In the cloakroom a gang of young men who seemed to know each other were talking about the girls they had found. Where else were girls to be found?

I walked through the black and white Park to the bus stop, the girls and boys like statues in the shadows, the old Baron on his horse riding hard for the moon. I sat upstairs and listened to the talk of the four girls in the seat behind.

" I didn't get up till ten to seven today. The way I feel now I'll sleep late again."

" Glad, I forgot to tell you, we got a council house. The house next door fell down this morning so we're all moving."

" I bet you're pleased."

" It was getting terrible, specially the rats. Not coming right in, mind, running over the doorstep. They been in the trees out the back lately, like squirrels."

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The Master Craftsman

LEN HUTTON happened to be born on Midsummer Day—in 1916. He happened to be born into a family of cricketers who lived in a county where young cricketers of promise are tended like orchids. But everything else has been his own doing.

From the moment when he was able to make a choice deliberately, he wanted to make cricket his livelihood and his life. He faced great handicaps. He overcame them and has become the master batsman of the world. But, just when he had reached that pinnacle, chance and the movement of time forced him into another struggle, against handicaps more subtle and less controllable than any he had yet faced; and now, suddenly, against the odds, he has won, not merely for himself but for the rest of us. Henceforth, the selectors will pick England's captain, not because he is the best available cricketing amateur but because he is the best captain available from the best eleven cricketers who could represent England. That is a revolution both in cricket and in social history; and it has been won mainly by the determination of one man who, probably, has not yet had time to learn what the revolution was about.

But to begin somewhere near the beginning. When, aged nearly fifteen, he presented himself at the Headingley nets in the Spring of 1931, Hutton was so pale and thin that some Yorkshire experts thought that he never would be strong enough to endure three-day matches. It was not a question of malnutrition. His family, for generations, had been reasonably successful master joiners in Fulneck, near Pudsey, near Leeds; so the usual Yorkshire treatment of good food, and lots of it, for undernourished but promising youngsters was not likely to do the trick with Hutton. Of course he had promise: but on the whole he had better fulfil that promise in one-day cricket with the Leagues.

By care and single-purposed determination, Hutton so far overcame that physical disability that by 1938, in his record innings against the Australians at the Oval, he was able to bat for more than two and half days consecutively. Later, during the war, when he was a Sergeant Instructor in the R.A.F., he slipped in the gymnasium and broke his wrist. He was in hospital for eight months, having bone-grafting operations. He emerged with one arm shorter than the other by an inch and a half. Yet, somehow, he managed to bat even better after the war than he had done before. These were merely physical handicaps. Others were more insidious. Yet he has overcome them too. When he first performed in the nets at Headingley, there was at least one judge who saw and felt what Hutton could do. Herbert Sutcliffe, Yorkshire and England's great opening bat, said of this pallid boy of fifteen: "He's a ruddy wonder. He will open for England." This was dangerous encouragement. But Hutton did not allow his head to be turned. Six years later he did open for England. He made 0. But twenty-three years later he is still opening for England.

By concentration and courage, he became a master craftsman. Millions of people have sensed exquisite delight from his batting; some hundreds, perhaps, have had the further delight of sitting next to him when someone else was batting and have heard the instinctive, steady, half-whispered statements of what was and what should have been. They have seen that Hutton not only does, but knows. In cricket, he can both practise and profess. That, for Hutton, as for the rest of us, would probably be enough. To make cloth better than anyone else, or to design better houses, or to write better articles, or play better cricket—what more could a man wish than to be top of his profession and to be happy? But suddenly, two years ago, Hutton, a professional cricketer, was asked to captain England.

That he was asked at all, showed how the English social climate had changed. In cricket, amateurs no longer reached the field by one gate and professionals by another. It was no longer *Mr. D. C. F. Burton* and *Hirst* (*G. H.*). No longer could Yorkshire be captained, for the sake of convention, by an amateur who, preparing himself to take the bowling, had to be gently told "Wilfred has declared." Even so, when Hutton was asked to captain England for one match, there was still nostalgic longing for the amateur who would ride a steeplechase before going in to bat; who would lead his team to victory after speaking in Parliament or drinking from a Gaiety Girl's shoe the night before; who, though he himself might make 0 and 0, could inspire the Public School men under him to reach the peaks.

There was still, too, a longing for the type of professional one knew, the decent fellow who was fruity and girthy, who went into bat at a crisis and came up trumps, with whom it was fun to drink beer, but with whom one hadn't to take liberties, especially on the field. So when Hutton became for the first time Captain of England, there was only temporary tolerance among the squires and their relations. Yes, admittedly, old So-and-so was a bit too old, and young What's-his-name wasn't quite up to scratch and that other fellow was just a bounder. However, by the next match, we'll get someone else and old Len will see it our way. He really is quite a gent about that sort of thing, you know.

Unfortunately, England under Len Hutton had the better of that first match, no obvious amateur captain appeared thereafter, and, under Len Hutton, England went on to win the series. This brought us to serious cricket—against the Australians.

Still no obvious amateur could be dug up, so Hutton was again made captain for one match, even against the Australians. He remained captain throughout the series. We won the Ashes for the first time in twenty years, and there was nothing for it but to make him captain for the West Indies tour, especially since his batting average had been even higher after he became captain than it had been before. Then, in the West Indies, some of the gloomy forebodings looked as if they were going to come true. Two players behaved badly on and off the field, we lost two Tests and, though in the end we managed to draw the series, once again the rude writing was on the wall. Hutton's subsequent fibrositis was regarded as a godsend, and David Sheppard was whipped out of his Divinity School to take back a position which, it was felt, an amateur should never have vacated.

Behind all the prejudice there was some real truth. Hutton, when he began, was not a good captain. He had had no practice. He was not allowed to captain his beloved Yorkshire—had not Lord Hawke said that he would die rather than see a professional captain The County? To Hutton, cricket had been a pleasure. But it had also been a living. In that living he had been schooled to look after himself, his livelihood and his art, without troubling over-much about anyone else. So, once he was made captain, he had to learn a new job. But what was not realised by some people was that Hutton would learn the technique and the art of captaincy with the same determination that he had learned the arts of batsmanship, with the same obstinacy that he had overcome ill-health, and with the same one-eyed coolness with which he had resisted flattery.

He did learn. In the Second Test against the Australians at Lords in 1949, when he was a mere professional playing under someone else as Skipper, he let his own feelings get the better of him and played a lamentable second innings for which he was dropped. But when, four years later, again at Lords against the Australians, he performed lamentably in the field and was jeered by the crowd for missing catches, he went in to bat and made 145 with a badly swollen thumb. By then he was captain and had learned that captains must not throw in their hand. He has since learned other things, including how to tame Freddie Trueman off the field, without also taming him on it. And now he has been selected to captain England in Australia next winter. This selection is decisive. The Captain of England will never again be just an amateur—or just a professional. He will be the best captain among the eleven best cricketers.

During these past two years Hutton has been a symbol of the struggle between those who want what they think once was, and those who want wha they think should be. But it is probable that Hutton has been impervious to the storm of which he was the centre. Once, when he

was bowled at the Oval, the Pavilion critics began to argue about the ball that had bowled him. It was a "wrong 'un." Or "It had moved quickly off the pitch." Or "It had come with the bowler's arm." When Hutton joined them they said: "What was wrong with that one, Len?" "Wrong?" said Len, "I missed it."

With the same detached, unexcusing objectivity, he has gone about the job of being a captain. In mastering that job he has had no time to be aware of prejudice; and in a triumph, which is one for society as well as for cricket, he perhaps feels, as yet, no more than a craftsman's pride.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE TWO RAKES

GLYNDEBOURNE has been treating us this year to some illuminating stylistic comparisons. Busoni's rather pedantic *Arlecchino* has been given as curtain-raiser to Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, which contains a far more spontaneous and lively harlequinade of its own. It has also been possible to see on successive nights, or to hear broadcast within a week, *Don Giovanni* and *The Rake's Progress*.

Neither Stravinsky nor his librettists have troubled to conceal their debt to Mozart's opera. Other opera composers, like Rossini and Gounod, have proclaimed Mozart as their ideal; but Stravinsky's veneration took a more practical turn. That he should have decided to revive the harpsichord-accompanied dry recitative which was merely a period convention of Mozart's day rather than to seek for a modern equivalent of the sustained symphonic finale which is Mozart's supreme operatic achievement shows, perhaps, that he was more interested in period effects than in the inner essence of Mozartian style. The librettists, W. H. Auden and Chester Kallmann, show nothing like Da Ponte's ease and skill in versification, and frequently relapse into doggerel of which Da Ponte would have been ashamed; but they have taken several hints from the scheme of *Don Giovanni*. Their Nick Shadow is half Mephistopheles, half Leporello; and they follow Da Ponte in approaching the final downfall of the hero by way of a supernatural churchyard scene, and by concluding the opera with an Epilogue which draws a light-hearted moral from the story. The two librettos further resemble one another in a mingling of serious and comic elements which is sometimes effective and sometimes clumsy, and in the dramatic weakness of the middle part of the action.

The essential plot of *Don Giovanni* is contained within three scenes: the first scene showing the murder of the Commendatore, the churchyard scene with the invitation to the statue, and the last scene with the arrival of the stone guest and Don Giovanni's descent to Hell. The remainder, though it establishes the Don's dissolute character, is purely episodic; and any other episodes could have been subsituted for those which we see without necessitating the smallest change in the dénouement. Da Ponte has contrived to link his episodes together by drawing Don Giovanni's victims, or intended victims, and their lovers, into ever closer mutual association until the spectator is made to feel that the Don is being gradually enmeshed in a net of his own weaving; but this is only a stage illusion. It says a good deal for Da Ponte's skill, as well as for Mozart's sublime genius, that throughout this long and sometimes confused sequence of scenes we are almost persuaded to forget that, dramatically speaking, we are getting nowhere. But so loosely organised a succession of episodes cannot, surely, be reckoned the artistic equal of a logical and well-constructed plot like that of *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

If there is little consecutive plot in *Don Giovanni*, there is still less in *The Rake's Progress*. Between Tom Rakewell's bargain with Nick Shadow and departure for London in the first scene, and the churchyard scene in which Shadow claims his wages, we find once again a disjointed succession of episodes. The subject is in any case a difficult one, since a mere "decline and fall" is not in itself a highly dramatic spectacle; and the librettists greatly complicated their task by making their central figure a self-pitying milksop and gull, one who takes no pleasure in the primrose path and on whom the heroine, Anne, is evidently wasting herself. The episodes that occupy the central scenes of *The Rake's Progress* are arbitrary inventions thrust by Nick Shadow upon the vaguely consenting or mildly protesting Tom, and they do little credit to the ingenuity of either Shadow or the librettists. A Bearded Lady and a Patent Bread Machine are poor substitutes for the flesh-and-blood Donna Elvira and Zerlina.

In *Don Giovanni* the intermingling of tragedy and farce produces a Shakespearean variety and richness, and gives rise only now and then to a sense of incongruity. Leporello's Catalogue Song is an instance of the latter: gloriously ripe and succulent and Mediterranean in feeling, it is addressed to Donna Elvira, whom thereafter we cannot possibly take as solemnly as she expects to be taken in "Mi tradì." Similarly, Don Ottavio's beautiful and intensely serious "Il mio tesoro" follows oddly after Leporello's cringing "Ah, pietà." With Mozart and Da Ponte, at any rate, we are never left in doubt as to the impression which any given scene is intended to convey. In *The Rake's Progress*, however, one important scene misses fire because it seems to have no clear theatrical aim. When Anne arrives at Tom's London house at the moment when he is returning from his wedding, the two sing a lengthy duet, in the course of which the irritated Baba pokes her head out of her sedan chair and complains of the delay. The music here lacks definition and emotional precision: we do not know what we are being asked to feel. In the following scene, Baba's loquacity and tantrums at the breakfast table are amusingly hit off in the orchestra, but the vocal writing is awkward and makes it difficult for the singer to bring out the all-important words; nor is the effect of her sudden extinction by a wig, and subsequent reanimation, effectively handled by the composer; to make the best of this rather childish joke, the singer should have been cut off either in the middle of a loud high note, or halfway through an easily recognisable tune.

The scenes which have drawn the best and most decisive music from Stravinsky are of two sorts: first, the lively genre pictures of Mother Goose's establishment and (better still) of the auction; and second, the sinister and pathetic final scenes in the churchyard and in Bedlam. Tom, having lost his dim wits, becomes musically a far more interesting personage than before. Anne remains a conventional figure: her A flat lullaby in the Bedlam scene, like the C major cabaletta which ends the first act, is manufactured music: pretty, but not at all spontaneous. Both these scenes are quite long, and the last, however it is produced, is bound to make a grisly impression with its chorus of naked and crippled lunatics. To follow it immediately with the bright cracker-motto doggerel of the Epilogue shows a sad want of "keeping"—that virtue upon which literary critics used once, very properly, to lay such stress. But then Stravinsky, as well as his librettists, scorns such a quality, and veers distractedly in the course of the three acts from Bach and Mozart to Weber and Donizetti. It is true that the harmony and scoring, the unique spacing of notes and rhythmic peculiarities, stamp any page of the score as unmistakable Stravinsky, and exert a continuous fascination of their own; but the better we know the score, the wider appears the gap between the passages that are truly fresh and inventive, like the choral scenes I have mentioned and the scenes of Tom's madness, and those other passages that are as obviously contrived and artificial as a bread machine or a female beard. It would be interesting to see what Stravinsky would do if supplied with an opera text as neatly made and as perfectly suited to his talents as were *L'heure espagnole* and *L'enfant et les sortilèges* to those of Ravel. Something might emerge as peculiar, but as perfectly finished and successful in its limited way, as a Fabergé egg.

The fine Glyndebourne performance, with Osbert Lancaster's brilliant sets, was virtually that of last year's Edinburgh Festival. Richard Lewis, in very good voice this year, plays Tom with more ease and power than before. There was a new Baba in Marina de Gabarain, and a new Shadow in Marko Rothmüller; neither of these singers made the words so audible as their Edinburgh predecessors, but Rothmüller achieved a wonderfully sinister climax in the churchyard scene. Paul Sacher, a Stravinsky specialist, drew beautiful playing from the orchestra. The *Don Giovanni* has been called heavy, and it was certainly on the solid side, both vocally and dramatically; but after the dainty twittering and posturing of some post-war Mozartian performances, I found the solidity a positive relief. James Pease is not the most seductive of Dons, but he has a ringing voice and a confident style. Benno Kusche, a little dry of voice, made a delightfully comic and unexaggerated Leporello. Until she came to grief in "Non mi dir," Margaret Harshaw gave us some beautifully clear and round singing as Donna Anna, and Anny Schlemm lifted Zerlina well out of the operetta rut. The Donna Elvira of Sena Jurinac was, of course, on an altogether loftier plane of dramatic and musical accomplishment. Georg Solti was the able, occasionally impetuous, conductor. Not a vintage *Don Giovanni*, perhaps, by Glyndebourne standards; but a very satisfactory revival none the less.

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JUDICIAL MURDER

IN *Murder Story,* at the Cambridge Theatre, Mr. Ludovic Kennedy has written a simple tract against capital punishment. The victim of judicial torture whom he presents to us is a backward boy of nineteen who is persuaded into an armed robbery by a young thug. During the escapade a policeman is shot dead by the other youth, and the backward boy—because he was present and knew that his companion was carrying a weapon—is condemned to death with him and subsequently hanged. The central and most effective act of the play takes place in the condemned cell where the boy awaits the result, first of his appeal, and then of the recommendation to mercy, both of which fail.

This framework has the merit at least of being true to life, since something not at all dissimilar took place only a year or so back. But truth is not necessarily the best foundation for propaganda, and the question remains whether or not Mr. Kennedy's tract is effective, and this question fines itself down to the further question, effective with whom? Mr. Kennedy has evidently decided to make his appeal to a rather wider audience than usually submits to the fire of the reformer. And perhaps he is wise in this, for otherwise he would be wasting his time preaching to the already converted. A large body of informed opinion has already turned against the savagery of capital punishment, or at the very least against the manner in which it is at present carried out. Such a film as the brilliant and horrifying *Nous Sommes Tous des Assassins* would, I am convinced, if universally shown, turn the whole nation against capital punishment overnight. But the fact is that it will not be, whereas Mr. Kennedy's very much more simple and sentimental treatment of the theme stands a good chance of being widely seen.

What, if that were to happen, would the effect be? This is difficult to calculate because Mr. Kennedy not only aims low but uses the shotgun rather than the rifle. He peppers the large target of his subject but hardly even punctures it. His is a special case and his special case is riddled with inconsistencies, and though the audience he is aiming at is less nice in its appreciation of logic than a more sophisticated one might be, these inconsistencies must weaken the force of his attack.

In the first place, the victim is not only illiterate, he is also dim-witted; and this offers to the conscience an easy escape clause. It is monstrous to watch this halfwit being tortured by the judicial processes. It should never, we are all agreed, have been allowed to happen. But, then, it is the legal killing of halfwits that we are angry about, and we can avoid the general issue by feeling that with the other youth—the actual killer—it would be quite different. But the most glaring and odd inconsistency in the play consists in this, that as Mr. Kennedy tells the story, the weeks which the boy spends in the condemned cell are the only weeks in his life that have much value. During that time the boy begins to grow up. One of the two warders who are condemned to endure the last weeks of a condemned man teaches him to read and write, and the humane prison padré teaches him to think and to pray. For the first time in his short life the boy moves, under the shadow of the scaffold, towards a dim comprehension of what is meant by the dignity of a human being. The ordeal is unendurable then, not for the victim, but for those who surround him—for the warders, the chaplain and the family. For the boy it provides his first opportunity of discovering the possibilities of being human. Had Mr. Kennedy pressed a little harder on the irony of this situation, his play would have been twice as interesting and his tract twice as effective.

As it is, he wastes a lot of time and disperses a great deal of tension by sketching in a domestic background which is merely trite and throws no sort of light on the problem. Indulgent Dad and anxious Mum and goodhearted sister are merely conventional figures. He succeeds indeed only in the scenes in the condemned cell where the dawn of discovery in the halfwit boy is truly touching, and Mr. Donald Bradley in the part gives a moving performance. Mr. Charles Stapley is also successful in the difficult task of suggesting a chaplain who is neither a prig nor a ninny, and the two warders are well sketched in by Mr. Campbell Copelin and Mr. Kenneth Outwin. These scenes are capable, I think, of bringing home to audiences something of the horror that lies behind the headlines, but whether people will be spurred by them to protest or whether they will enjoy them in the same shuddering spirit in which they enjoy their Sunday newspapers is of course another question.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

"O, REFORM it altogether!" If it can't be said that those responsible for *Television News and Newsreel* have succeeded in reforming it altogether it must certainly be admitted that they are making a pretty good attempt to do so. That first week of *Television News* could not have been worse, and what we are seeing now is something entirely different. For this, I think, the credit must go to the combined criticism of the Press: it is unlikely that the B.B.C. has ever had to face such a united and unanimous onslaught before. But what we are seeing now is also, I suspect, something quite different from anything intended in the first place. It can be put this way: the news on television has been forced to become primarily *television*; that is to say, the medium itself, with all its flexibility, its command of contrasted resources of film, sound and personal appearance, is shaping the presentation of the news.

What was intended, it now seems plain, was something as impersonal, as cold, as official, as rigid in presentation, as news on sound in the Home Service. All this, of course, in the name of impartiality and objectivity. The still picture was there, one guesses, only as a concession to the viewer, to illustrate the news being read by the sound announcer, not as a way in its own right of expressing news; and this was emphasised by the strict division in the programme itself between news and newsreel.

This division is no longer anything like so rigid; and the still photograph now illustrates only a minority of news items; on occasion, it has even been absent altogether. Film has taken its place; much of it, reasonably enough, is from stock; but the B.B.C. Film Unit has shown that it can in certain circumstances film a news story, process the film and have it on the television screen within three or four hours. And personality—which is not the opposite of objectivity and impartiality but is the opposite of the impersonality Home News seeks at all costs—is creeping in. It was bound to do so if *Television News* was to be a genuine television programme. It is creeping in, and in doing so is breaking the stereotype that, if my guess is correct, the B.B.C. News Division was seeking to impose on TV.

There was an admirable example of this the other Monday evening, when we were all waiting to know if M. Mendès-France had been successful at Geneva. Instead of an item read by a news announcer, we had Mr. Norman Macdonald, the B.B.C.'s diplomatic correspondent, in the television studio and on our screens to report on M. Mendès-France's chances of success or failure; and when the news of the fighting in Indo-China came to be given it was, very reasonably, Mr. Macdonald who gave it to us, not an unseen and anonymous announcer. In a similar way, some of the functions of the news reader are being taken over by reporters seen on film interviewing important people at the microphone as they climb into or out of their important aircraft.

So it really does look as though the television people are taking over the presentation of news on television. This is excellent; but all the same one still speculates upon that dreadful first week. How did it ever come about at all? One is forced to wonder if there are not people in the higher reaches of the Television Service who are deeply suspicious and mistrustful, perhaps even at times a trifle contemptuous, of television. It would be understandable if there were, since the senior posts in the Service are manned mainly by people who have worked for years in sound broadcasting. And though I would not wish to make too much of what may well be slipshod expression, I am bound to confess to some alarm when I find Sir George Barnes of all men writing as follows in the number of the *B.B.C. Quarterly* just published:

> Frequency compression, the reduction of the ether space required by the information to be conveyed, will enable point to point television to bring moving pictures of events instantaneously from one side of the world to the other. This will alter once again the relationship between word and image. The printed word of the descriptive reporter may still arrive more quickly than the moving picture, but *while literacy remains but an ideal the many will prefer the picture.*

The italics are mine, for surely Sir George's words are astonishing, coming from the head of a television service. It is precisely the business of a television service to deal with images, moving pictures; the problem of literacy has nothing to do with it; and the notion that it is in principle better to read an account of an event than to see a faithful film record of the same event is demonstrably absurd. Reading of a test match is a poor substitute for seeing it. The most one can say is that the one may supplement the other.

Sir George, of course, is right when he suggests that for a long time to come the printed or spoken word will race the television picture; but this merely indicates the form *Television News* will probably take. If we want the latest news we shall continue to listen to the news bulletins on sound at six, seven, nine, ten and eleven in the evening. With this service television cannot possibly compete. What it can do is to bring the news to life, not only directly but through comment and the exploration of the background to events; and all this in a unique way.

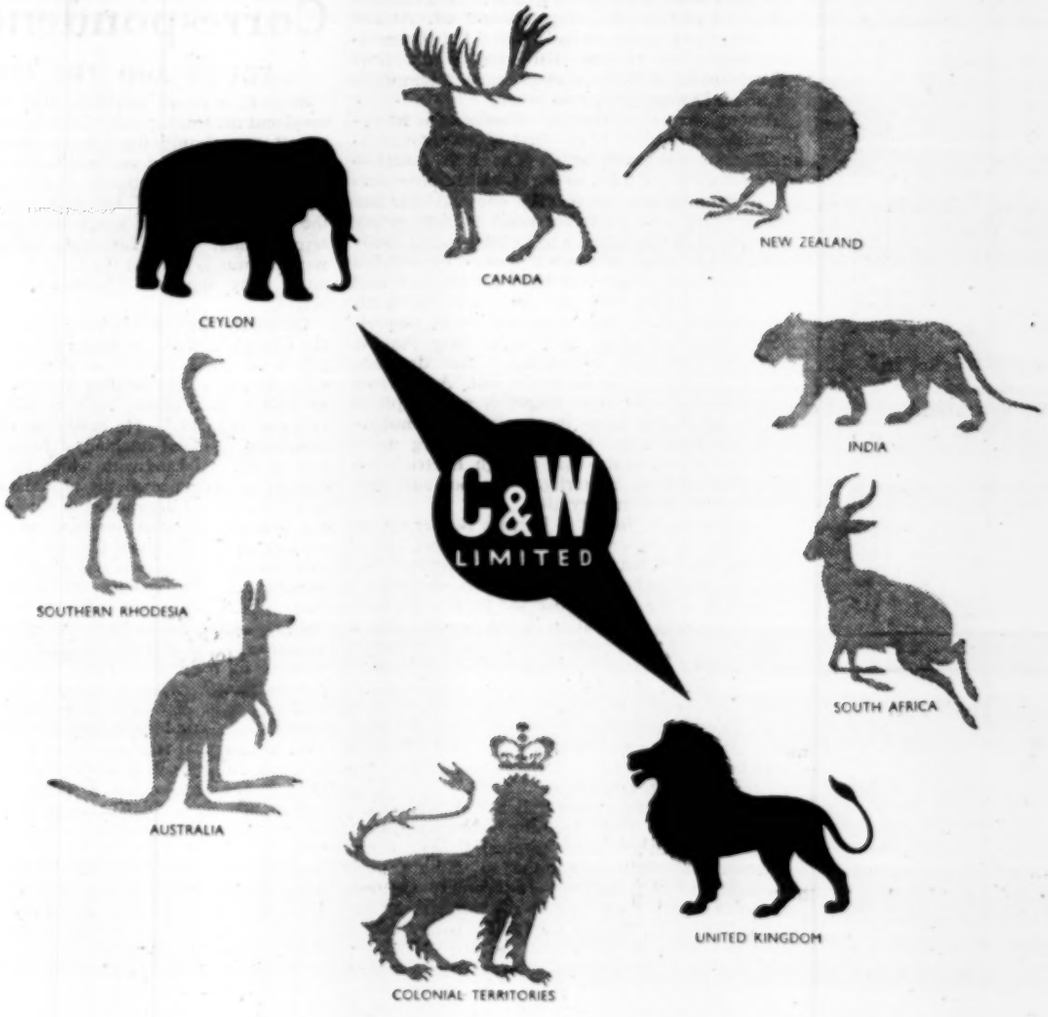
WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Blue Angel," at the Royal
"Rendezvous de Juillet," at the Berkeley
"Aquarium," at the Rialto

This is the season when columns waver and change hands, and movie-goers have so much a better time of it than the critic. For them *Genevieve* and *M. Hulot's Holiday* in one programme, for me the lone press show and whatever I can scratch together. A sequel to *The Robe* and Mr. Clifton Webb dreadfully approach. For three weeks the Academy is to become a "kind of West End Stratford-on-Avon": that's to say, they will show *Hamlet, Henry V,* and *Julius Cæsar*—but not Welles's *Othello.* Someone has written to me from Woodside, California: "I agree. *The Golden Coach* is one of those acutely invaluable films! Has the Greek *The Barefoot Battalion* come to London?" Of course not. But mysteriously enclosed, for pinning on one's lapel, is a white button inscribed "McCarthy for Führer."

However, almost a quarter of a century old, *The Blue Angel* is on the point of achieving general release. Things haven't changed there. Two soft hoots from the river, a cat slipping into shadow, the twisty old street, and there we are in the thick of temptation and fish-nets, nude figure-heads, the beer-drinking bullies and the seven Aphrodites, each progressively fatter than the last, a stuffed seagull suspended, and La Dietrich—less incorporeal than now—serenading her Professor with a curious hard indolence. That little tune of hers doesn't stale, nor does the road to ruin, so formidably beset by grotesques. Monsters peep out at us everywhere. There is the contorting troupe of the public clock with its deadly strike. The clowns are mourners. Fat men jam one another scowling in doorways. A gross Mephistopheles sweeps his silk hat off and produces eggs from people's noses. Schoolboys scuttle under beds and into cellars. It is the traditional bit of fun, the Hell of the Twenties, and should be, but is not, ridiculous.



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The spell holds perhaps because it is sardonic and instead of gilding vice, chips the gilt off. At any rate Sternberg seems to have found the preservative that other creamy diableries of the time missed—to say nothing of more recent attempts to refurbish Dorian Gray and others.

Among gargoyles, Janning's Professor is monstrous like all his best roles—that of the great commissionaire, for example, in *The Last Laugh*—monstrously respectable to start with and floundering in degradation and tears at the end. He has started every school day for years by trumpeting into a clean handkerchief and looking round foxily over his spectacles to catch culprits: he *will* fall in love with the singer his boys are all after, will marry her and become her slave, will clown his way out into the snow, while she—with marvellous effect—just sings that little song that so gratingly sums up everything. The dramatic ironies are rammed in up to the hilt. Apart from anything else, *The Blue Angel* is a triumph of film narrative that keeps its tone and accumulates its detail unerringly. Certainly Sternberg never did half as well again, and though Dietrich became the undying Butterfly, I am not sure that I don't prefer her in chrysalis.

Rendezvous de Juillet is Jacques Becker of five years ago, and cut—we are told—to almost half of the original. What remains is a scattered, bewildering but rather fascinating mass-observation of a group of the young obsessed by jive, parents, the theatre, and exploration in the Congo. Jive is the liveliest of these components: the hero nurses some strange African instrument in his bedroom, they all swarm in a cellar ("Where's So-and-so? Near the band"), they twitch, sweat, whirl, turn partners over shoulders. It amounts to little more than high-grade reporting, and too many threads have been severed for characters to develop or a coherent plot to emerge.

Aquarium, a Hungarian "short" shown on the same occasion and seeming complementary, registers the love-life of tropical fishes. Great patience and skill have gone to capture such moments as the embrace of Siamese fighters, wrapped together in their spiral "death" as the cloud of eggs floats up, a thoughtful parent taking its young into its mouth at the stir of danger, and the birth of tiddlers that emerge doubled, to spring open and dart away. The colour is only fair and the commentary commonplace; but at least these mysterious charmers come to us without benefit of Disney. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Paintings by Harold Wood, at the Coffee House, Northumberland Avenue.

Wood is a thinking artist critical of society and, like Stanley Spencer, uses his paintings to tell parables. A picture of *The Healing of the Blind* is particularly compelling. The man who has regained his sight looks at his hand in front of his face with a very moving incredulity—finding it impossible to believe that what he can now see can still belong to him. A far more bitter canvas of the crabbed Blind leading the Blind and a picture of some gardeners asleep and as passive as marrows in their own garden are also striking. The success of this sort of "parable painting" always depends upon the precision and condensation of its emotion—think how vividly Spencer communicates the intensity of his feeling even in his treatment of the pattern of a tweed. When Wood paints a subject as big as the Crucifixion he loses this ability to condense his feelings and falls into formalised melodrama.

At the Whitechapel Gallery, besides the photographs discussed last week, there are 27 paintings, lent from the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, by George Catlin. From 1829 to 1837 Catlin painted portraits and scenes from the lives of the North American Indians. The interest of his work is largely documentary. One is informed about the construction of a Mandan village, the costume of Sioux chiefs, the way buffalo were hunted with wolf-skin masks. One does not, however, gather from these pictures that Catlin was recording what even *Life* calls "a tragic part of American history . . . a no-quarter war which ended only when one side had virtually wiped out the other." J. B.

Correspondence

YOUTH AND THE CHURCH

SIR,—It is rather surprising that Mervyn Stockwood and the letter in your Correspondence columns appear to indentify the Church almost exclusively with the spiritual and personal facets of Christianity. Mervyn Stockwood indulges in a sigh of relief that the "Left-wing orator" has gone with the coming of the Welfare State, for which the Church had little responsibility. With Left-wing politics out of the way, the way is open to the Church to deal with the much more important "problems of personal relations".

Obviously Mervyn Stockwood sees the mission of the Church in terms of doctrine and theology (upon which, of course, there is an absence of unity in the Church) and is very satisfied with the progress made to bridge the "chasm between the scientific and religious outlooks." He makes no reference to the revolutionary moral teaching of Jesus or its application to the problems with which the world is convulsed; no reference to the attitude of the Church to the threatened destruction of the world created by the God the Christian worships; no reference to the attitude of the Christian Church to the morality of annihilation of Christians and non-Christians of other nationalities. No wonder that Mervyn Stockwood finds it "difficult to pass judgment on the strength of the religious revival as far as the educated classes are concerned," and merely characterises the revival of interest in religion in Oxford and Cambridge as "fashionable."

The fact is, of course, as is evidenced by many comments in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from time to time, that secular opinion on social and international problems is in advance of Church opinion. As a professing Christian, I am shocked at the reactionary attitude of the Church to the grave problems of our day and generation, and cannot understand why youth looks to the Church, if indeed it does, for guidance and leadership. The British Council of the Churches has never, in fact, expressed any regret or condemnation at the dropping of the atom bombs on Japanese cities and, with the exception of Quakers, none of the denominations has condemned the use of the atom bomb by this country. While it is true that Dr. Donald Soper, the late president of the Methodist Conference, has been outspoken in his leadership of the campaign against the use of the H-Bomb, it is significant that he was unable to carry his denomination with him, and Methodists are merely opposed to the dropping of the H-Bomb *first*. When the Church surrenders its moral leadership it abdicates its spiritual power. WALLACE HANCOCK

8 Barclay Oval,
Woodford Wells.

THE LABOUR PARTY TREASURER

SIR,—May I, as one who has been nominated by my Constituency Labour Party for the Party Treasurership, comment on Critic's remarks in your issue of July 24? Do you really think an annual Bevan-Gaitskell battle, as the first item on the Annual Conference Agenda for the next few years, will be a good thing for the Labour Party or the working-class movement in this country? Critic rightly refers to the main stream within the Party, and suggests that the survival of the Party as the instrument for the establishment of Socialism depends upon the streams becoming a single river. The point of view of myself and my C.L.P. may be only a tiny drop of water between the streams, but we do think that the time has come to influence the flow of the main streams towards joining together.

To those who say that the Treasurership has become an honorific office for a person of influence, I am bound to reply that the sooner the Treasurership ceases to be "an honorific office for a person of influence" and becomes a job of work for a member of the Party who understands our financial difficulties and wishes to resolve them, the better it will be for the Labour Party. Some of us think this election presents an opportunity to end, not perpetuate, the cold war which apparently still exists between personalities; and the solution may be the

election of a person *without influence*, but with the point of view of an ordinary Party member, who is inclined to be "browned off" with the seemingly eternal squabbles among the Party leaders.

JAMES MACGOWAN

Milngavie, Glasgow.

GENEVA AND THE COLD WAR

SIR,—Your leading article on the Geneva "Settlement" seems to me either singularly naive or else an intentional obscuring of the facts. Those are that we have again lost a major engagement in the "cold war". The thing is neither a "diplomatic triumph" nor any other kind of triumph—except for Moscow. Not only is it a humiliating defeat for us, but for the other side it is simply a breathing-space during which they can prepare for their next move—which will come as surely as it has *always* come! Is anybody so childishly optimistic as to suppose that a signed agreement means anything to these people, or that they consider it more than a clever move in their game of encompassing Asia—which they are now farther advanced toward accomplishing than they have ever been before?

There is, truly, an element of pathos in the complete helplessness of well-meaning but intellectually inferior men like Eden and Dulles in their encounter with the uncanny astuteness of Molotov, which, of course, has the added advantage in such encounters of not being deterred by scruples of any sort. His side is winning the game all the time and on every hand, winning it without—so far as Russia is concerned—the expenditure of a single Russian soldier or a single Russian kopek. Russian diplomacy, always efficient and now unhandicapped by scruples, is altogether too much for us. No use at all to argue that this is "the best that could be done." Is it? And even if it is, does anyone suppose that it concludes the issue, that it actually "ends the war" in South-east Asia? On the contrary, it is not only altogether probable but almost certain that our troubles there have no more than begun. The position is the most dangerous at this moment that it ever has been.

Brighton. MARC T. GREENE
(*An American Journalist*)

THE REAL CLEAN-UP

SIR,—Here is a short footnote on Mr. Priestley's article about violence in contemporary fiction. It is addressed particularly to anyone who still thinks he might be exaggerating.

> It was a neck and neck race between Mike and Pat Chandler, Captain of Homicide, to trap the murderer first. But the law couldn't break an arm to make a man talk, or shove his teeth in with the muzzle of a gun to remind him he wasn't fooling. Mike could—and did.

That is the publisher's synopsis of a novel by a writer called Spillane. This man is not an obscure hack but a mighty best-seller, at the very top of his profession.

It is queer how the police can never do a thing right. The old type of fictional detective, such as Dupin and Holmes, looked down on them because their intelligence did not match his own. The new type looks down on them because their lust for cruelty does not match his own. Since, however, a police force is only an expression of the personality of a society, it is not too late to reform it. If a sufficient number of people acquiesce in the attitude of Spillane's "hero", it can only be a matter of time, and not much time, before the police begin to shove our teeth in with the muzzles of guns to remind us they're not fooling. JOHN WAIN

Earley, Berkshire.

SIR,—J. B. Priestley's article, "The Real Clean-up," raises one aspect of the discussion on the corrupting influences in contemporary literature, that many critics overlook. It may well be that the price we have to pay for the disciplines imposed by civilisation is the degenerate forms which social safety valves have to take so as to relieve individuals from the repressions of controlled behaviour.

In other words the glamourisation of violence in literature, the exploitation of sex in the newspapers, and the hysteria of the football stadium, must all be tolerated as essential counterbalances to the frustrations created by a depersonalised industrial society. Rather than being "cleaned up" it might well be that the escapism of literary violence is sufficient to prevent many from more socially dangerous forms of violent expression such as are found in the allurements of, say, Fascist ideology.

To what extent this invalidates Mr. Priestley's call for boycotting salacious book displays is a question for the sociologists who recognise the true extent of the veneer which is civilisation, and know how repressed social energy should be canalised or sublimated. Meanwhile we may well think that although certain people will not be satisfied by reading about Superman unless they become supermen, so a great many will be content with reality while such an exciting dream world can be theirs so easily. Education, although perhaps a longer term solution than "cleaning up" the problem, should be more effective in redirecting natural motivations into higher forms of artistic expression. ALAN J. L. JACOBS

104, Portsea Hall, W.2.

ARNOLD BAX

SIR,—Is not Desmond Shawe-Taylor a little sweeping in his condemnation of the music of the late Sir Arnold Bax in his review of the Cheltenham Festival in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of last week? I am sure that the young English composer of today is activated by more constructive motives than a dislike of a "romantic old fogy" as Bax once described himself. The impact of the Viennese (and other) contemporary Continental schools has always influenced the young composer in this country, as it did Bax himself, fifty years ago; he was a contemporary of Strauss and Delius, among others, and grew up under the shadow of their maturity. I think we can now see that the romantic approach to art is one that we have always had with us, and probably always will; it annoys some people, and pleases others, but to say "never again" is really too much. Personally, the present writer finds more to love in the symphonies of Bax than those of Neilson, for example.

In fact, I feel that the music of Bax, which makes certain demands on performers, and needs, in the orchestral works, a certain outlay in the way of forces, and consequently is not performed as often as some of us would like, should receive more attention, rather than less. It is true that I happen to like it; but so, I feel, do a number of people, and there is no better reason for playing music.

Bax's slack form has been much exaggerated. The symphonies are not excessively long, and the richness of his texture often obscures his form for the superficial or hostile listener. Actually, there is not such a violent contrast between his symphonies and those of, say, Fricker, as Mr. Taylor seems to suggest. Particularly in their respective first symphonies there is a brassy fierceness (Bax is not always richly romantic; he is quite often starkly dramatic or even austere) that gives the two scores a kindred look and even sound.

Finally, we must sympathise with the young, who have more to revolt against than any other generation in modern history, but music cannot exist for ever in a state of chronic revolt and protest against the inhumanity of the times, although that is the duty of art when the times are inhuman. There must come a time when the human values once more assert themselves, and man wrests a peace in his affairs which in our present historic context it seems he must have or perish. When that time comes, and men can once more draw breath and almost feel content, we shall need the music of Bax and those of the past, present, and future who are like him, and write the music of the richness, strangeness, and beauty of the earth.

95a High Street, P. J. PIRIE
Whitstable.

EVA HUBBACK

SIR,—I have nothing but admiration for the services of Eva Hubback to public education, and welcome any tribute to them. But is it necessary, when praising the work of one person, to denigrate, as Mr. John Freeman does in your current issue, that of hundreds of others in the same field?

To describe the whole of the evening education provided by the London County Council as "base metal" which in Morley College—and apparently there alone—was transmuted into something lofty by the magic of a single personality is to administer a gratuitous and graceless snub to the great array of students and teachers engaged in it; and I am sure that Eva herself, an enthusiastic member of the Education Committee of the Council, would have indignantly repudiated a compliment which carried such an implication.

I do not know the extent of Mr. Freeman's acquaintance with the actual classes run in the L.C.C.'s many colleges and institutes; but I think it could probably be enlarged. Perhaps, when the summer vacation is over, he will allow me to present him with a copy of *Floodlight*, which sets it all out; and then have a look at some of the "base metal" for himself. MARGARET COLE

Chairman, Further Education Sub-Committee
County Hall, S.E.1.

[Our reviewer writes: "In writing metaphorically of the transmutation of base metal, I intended no snub to the "great array of students and teachers" engaged in L.C.C. evening education. I honour them. I happen to believe, however, that Eva Hubback and her followers at Morley made even more of their opportunities than most of the others who have laboured so devotedly in this field."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SCOTCH

SIR,—In his letter in your issue of July 24, Mr. R. E. H. Gunyon pays us, amongst others, a pretty compliment—elsewhere he is wrong in point of fact. The word "enormous" is, of course, relative. In comparison with the advertising of certain brands of gin, stout, beer, to say nothing of detergents, advertising expenditure on rum has been and is very small. That it should have struck Mr. Gunyon as enormous is a tribute to its quality and impact, not its volume.

Customs and Excise figures give U.K. consumption of rum in the year 1939 as 634,679 proof gallons, and in 1953 as 1,266,342 proof gallons—a considerable increase. A. R. WOOLLEY

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TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SCOTLAND YARD

SIR HAROLD SCOTT

THE RT. HON. J. CHUTER EDE, M.P., in *The Sunday Times*: 'In clear, concise and non-technical language, with a wealth of example quoted from the daily activities of the past decade, the present organisation, administration and operation of this unique force are set out. . . . This complicated machine has never before been so fully or so graphically described.'

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

Books in General

It is 65 years since the first English translation of Zola's *La Terre* was withdrawn after a prosecution for obscenity. As Mr. Angus Wilson says in his preface to a new version by Ann Lindsay*, prosecutions of this kind commonly rely on a wilful, even smutty refusal to read a book as a whole; when the English townee jury read, in the first chapter, that a young farm girl had helped at the mating of a bull, they were horrified. There was worse to come, and they effectually removed Zola's greatest novel from the eyes of the general reader. A novelist who sets out to write the "natural history" of his world is likely to be coarse, but in his long essay on Zola Henry James gave the answer to Podsnappery:

> There are judges in these matters so perversely preoccupied that for them to see anywhere the "improper" is to see nothing else. . . . Much may be said, in relation to some of the possibilities of the nature of man, of the nature in special of the 'people,' on the defect of our author's sense of proportion. But the sense of proportion of many of those he scandalised would take us further yet.

Henry James was silent about *La Terre* in this essay; he put *Germinal*, *La Débâcle* and *L'Assommoir* at the top of Zola's powers. For myself, *La Terre* excels these works because here Zola achieves self-mastery. It is odd to use the word serenity of a writer so personal, so volcanic, so apt to lay it on thick and go off into theatrical excess; but *La Terre* is a serene and collected work. Animality is there—Henry James said that Zola was one of those ships in which the smell of the cargo pervades all—but it is not purely sensational, exhibitionist or mystical. There is no extraneous symbolism, nothing *voulu*. In *Germinal*, one is obliged to smile too generously at the mine engine as a sexual symbol; in *L'Assommoir*, a wonderfully realised novel is marred by the overladen scene at the end when Gervaise turns melodramatic street-walker and dies in the arms of the undertaker who is known as the Lady's Comforter. Symbolic poster-work of this kind does not occur in *La Terre*. The danger spot is the scene in which the birth of a child and the birth of a calf go on simultaneously, but Zola's strong realism "contains" this brute episode perfectly. With all his neuroses—which made some critics suspect him of impotence—he has a greedy sensual power. His senses magnify. At any rate, in *La Terre*, his obsessive interest in the sexual act ceases to be personal and is, as it were, distributed among the characters. The gratification is theirs, not his. The implication of the theme of the seed sown in the fertile land is natural to the subject; Zola's tendency to delirium is allayed and distracted by the countryside of La Beauce and the lyrical descriptions of nature are points of repose and self-command, not of private unrest, in the book. The peasants' passion for the land is an eternal fact. And there is another point; in one or two passages Zola perceives the likeness of the life of the fields to the life of the sea. Both are ultimately beyond human calculation. The peasant and the sailor are people who have met their master; the evils they commit upon their kind are fearful but they are subject to something greater than themselves which they cannot escape.

Readers of Zola owe a debt to Mr. Angus Wilson's excellent short book on the novelist *Emile Zola* (Secker & Warburg), and will understand some of the reasons that make his world monstrous and frightening. Like Balzac, he believes in the nightmare of the dominant passion. A romantic and a social realist, he is one of the pessimistic visionaries of materialism, he is the novelist of our animal appetites and energies, of the sadness of the flesh. These engross utterly all his characters except the observer, who, granted a little detachment from the story, is also a little freer of Zola's determinism. In *La Terre*, the outsider, Jean Macquart, is not quite crushed by the tragedy. He is free to be crushed again in another way. But Jean Macquart is not merely a convenient observer; he is a fully realised character, the patient man, and one sign of Zola's mastery as a novelist is his power of keeping his observers deeply involved. Françoise, Macquart's young wife, who is raped and murdered by her brother-in-law at the end, will put the land-hunger of the murderer's family before the wrong done to her husband or herself. She leaves her land to her murderer. But if the peasant is entirely absorbed in the narrow passion of his hunger, this is far from narrowing to the scale or tone of the book. Out of its squalor, the theme of a peasant Lear destroyed pitilessly by his family is given a Shakespearean richness. These appalling, ignorant peasants, avaricious, thieving, godless, continually in rut, drunken, suspicious, violent and malign, are redeemed by their compulsive dedication to their acres and are almost ennobled by their bewilderment in the world they hear of outside themselves. All this lust and struggle—but suppose the price of wheat falls? What about war? What about the town worker trying to beat down the country worker? What about the Utopias talked of by agitators? These peasants are not the genial rustics of the townsman's imagination. They bawl at each other in the lawyer's office about a few rods of land. The old father who robbed and destroyed *his* father when the land was broken up, is robbed, maltreated, squeezed dry by his youngest son in his turn:

> Seeing the old man's tremulous hand come down to deal a blow, he caught it in mid-air and held it, crushing it in his rough grasp.
>
> "Blasted pigheaded fool that you are! Have we got to have a hell of a row before it enters your thick skull that nobody cares a damn for you now? What are you good for? You cost money to keep, that's all. When you've had your day and passed your land over, your job's to swallow your soup and leave other people in peace."
>
> He shook his father to stress the words; then, with a final shake, he flung him, trembling and staggering backwards, into a chair near the window. And Old Fouan remained there, half choking for a moment, beaten, humiliated by the final death of his old authority. . . .
>
> Profound silence held the room. Everyone stood motionless with loose hands. The children hardly dared breathe for fear of being slapped. Then the work began again as if nothing had happened.

"The work began again"—a quiet phrase convinces us of Zola's fidelity to events and circumstance. For Zola, at his best, life is embedded in labour. The fornications, greeds, thefts, jealousies, murderous calculations and total egotism of his characters, are submitted to that grinding morality.

Zola's vision of human nature is orgiastic and monstrous in outline, but fine in its psychological detail. His characters grow and change. In renewed observation of how people alter with their changing situation Zola is extraordinary. Nor is the squalor without relief or light. There is Fouan, the Lear of the story. Stained with evils he has no longer the strength to commit, he collects the cruel dues of retribution with stubborn dignity. Pitiably he makes his unavailing stand for a little decency, a little humanity. Jean Macquart, the stranger, has an apprehension of love and, in acts of lust, he has a conscience. He is that rare thing in novels: a good man. Most interesting is Françoise with her prickly feeling for justice and personal integrity. So easy to sentimentalise or idealise her as some abused and romantic Tess. But Françoise is fierce and revengeful; she defends herself like a cat against her seducer, but when she is raped, she fully accepts the complexity of her own nature: she loves her destroyer and respects his passion for her property. To deny it would be to deny that she is a peasant.

To use the word "relief" is to suggest contrast, and this would be wrong, for *La Terre* is organic and not moralistic in conception. We can see this clearly in the rich comic episodes of the book. The comic genius of Zola is as startling as the same strain in Dostoevsky; it is humane. Zola is capable of comedy on many levels and is a master of its repetition. How delighted we are, for example, at each appearance of the immensely respectable brothel-keepers. They are the quintessential bourgeois, greatly respected for their money. The peasants are even anxious to protect them from the seamy side of life: in one incident, the peasants are shocked because a donkey has got drunk, rolls on his back and vomits before their pious eyes. It is delightful that the daughter of the brothel-keeper is sent to a smart convent and is told her parents' wealth comes from a sweet shop. ("Isn't she well-bred," they say, "she doesn't know a thing.") It is superb that she, at last, announces that she has known all the time and intends to carry on with the business, on improved modern lines, as her mother did before her.

This is social satire. A warmer, more suggestive and grossly substantial vein is opened in the character of the so-called Jésus-Christ, old Fouan's drunken eldest son. This is a fine study of the peasant turned poacher, who drinks because he has rebelled against the dominion of the land; he is a comic daubed by tragedy. A joker and trickster, he has the hilarious gift of phenomenal farting. He is deeply shocked when others emulate him. This is in the tradition of Balzac's droll tales and the festive animality of Rabelais, a coarseness which dropped out of English literature after Fielding and Smollett; in Zola, the vein is inventive and witty and, true to his organic sense, he involves the farting of

**Earth.* By Emile Zola. Translated by Ann Lindsay. Preface by Angus Wilson. *Elek.* 15*s.*

Jésus-Christ in the plot. The beauty of this disgraceful man as a character is that he is not all of a piece. His appearances may give dignity, pathos, wildness, to the narrative. He belongs, as laughter does, to the world of orgy and anarchy; by his incurable behaviour he criticises both the good life and the bad.

Mr. Angus Wilson speaks in his preface of the diseased mind of genius. The definition does not seem to me to be universal in its application, but of the Romantics it was often true. In *La Terre* Zola is faithful to his own dramatic and limited truth and he created a world that convinces, as nightmare convinces, because it is detailed *and* outrageous. His world delights because the immense factual documentation of Zola's magnifying glass is assimilated by art. The lesson to be learned from this achievement is that Zola did not draw upon a single set of beliefs; he was not simply a natural historian or social realist clamped to a single programme. He was a temperament, a poet, a rhetorician, a man in conflict with his own motives, feelings and beliefs, and somewhat of a showman. The great novels are those in which human nature triumphs over the schematic, even though, without the schematic element, human nature might not have been provoked to appear on the page.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE LAST OF THE PEASANTRY

What does he know? moving through the fields
And the wood's echoing cloisters
With a beast's gait, hunger in his eyes
Only for what the flat earth supplies;
His wisdom dwindled to a small gift
For handling stock, planting a few seeds
To ripen slowly in the warm breath
Of an old God to whom he never prays.

Moving through the fields, or still at home,
Dwarfed by his shadow on the bright wall,
His face is lit always from without,
The sun by day, the red fire at night;
Within is dark and bare, the grey ash
Is cold now, blow on it as you will.

R. S. THOMAS

TO THE DAILY FACE

They do not listen, wild man.
Your decent hair is combed, no half-cured skin
Stinks on your shoulders and your voice is mild;
And your acquaintance bored:
You've stood around too long;
And if there was something once, someone
You wondered to announce, you have forgotten:
And anyway the time has gone.

Forever too. In bars and books
The Technicolor leached away; and women
Have a way with prophets that you know of now
High time and too late:
And you whose gift it was
To build your house upon your back, emerging
On the right side of a disability,
Credit no more your own credulity.

Away, good fellow; please go mad
Again, walk out the flea-bitten lion, dye
Grassgreen your hair, crimson your sad-eyed pelt;
This sanity's a lie:
Be the desert where words die
Savagely prophesying; risk a behaviour
That may bring something forth—a saviour
Or merely your most intimate disaster.

PADRAIC FALLON

PRELUDE TO "MEIN KAMPF"

Young Hitler. By AUGUST KUBIZEK. Translated by E. V. ANDERSON. *Wingate.* 18*s.*

In the documentation of Hitler's career there has been until now one notable lacuna. Plenty was known about his family and his home life until in 1905 his father died and he moved with his widowed mother to Linz. After that the stream ran underground for nine years, to emerge again when he arrived in Munich at the outbreak of the first world war to volunteer for the German army. The autobiographical pages of *Mein Kampf* told us that during these years he went to Vienna, was rejected by the Academy of Fine Arts, suffered the extremities of poverty and became an anti-semite. And this passage—which is more than usually subjective—was only supplemented by the not very reliable reminiscences of two tramps who met him in a Vienna doss-house.

Now a large part of the gap has been quite unexpectedly filled. If Kubizek is a reliable witness—and Mr. Trevor-Roper vouches for him in a brilliantly incisive introduction—he has written the most important book on Hitler since *Mein Kampf*. Not only does he tell us many facts which were previously unknown: far more important, he describes the only friendship which Hitler ever formed. After 1908 he would have associates and political colleagues of varying degrees of subservience—as well as a number of ministering females—around him, but never again a friend.

Kubizek, the apprentice son of an upholsterer, met Hitler in the queue for the Linz opera. He was then 16 and Hitler 15, and both boys were "Wagner-struck." For the next four years, in Kubizek's words "I lived side by side with Adolf, who confided to me things that he had told to no one, not even his mother." This is no exaggeration. The friendship was passionate, inseparable and wholly exclusive, with Hitler the dominant partner and Kubizek gaping his docile loyalty. Both boys longed to go to Vienna and become famous artists. In 1907 Hitler led the way and then came back to persuade the older Kubizek to let his son join him in Vienna and study music at the Conservatory. For the spring and summer of 1908, they shared Hitler's room at 29 Stumpergasse. Kubizek was a successful music student, Hitler a reject from the Academy of Arts, starving on his share of his father's pension, and the friendship did not survive this strain. In November, when Kubizek returned from a holiday, Hitler had disappeared, leaving no address. The next time they met he was Fuehrer and able to offer his old friend the post of conductor at any German opera house. Kubizek, who had by then given up his musical career to become a minor Government official, contented himself with a week at Bayreuth with the Fuehrer. He did not want to spoil the memory of what they agreed had been for each "the happiest days of his life."

The picture Kubizek paints is clear-cut, detailed and convincing. When the boys first met, Hitler had run away from the Technical High School without taking the final examination and was "studying" on his own, an unstable, gifted adolescent, who dreamt of becoming a poet, a musician, a painter and, above all, an architect. During the four years that Kubizek knew him, he wrote numerous love poems and began the composition first of a tragedy and then of a Wagnerian opera (Kubizek had to take the latter down while Adolf improvised on the piano), as well as making endless architectural sketches for new public buildings in Linz and Vienna, and working at town plans for reconstructing both cities. When the fit was on him, he would read voraciously and could show astonishing powers of concentration for days and nights on end. But both his emotions and his intellectual activity were dissociated from reality. Since he could neither adapt himself to any routine nor pass any examination, he was both uneducable and unemployable. His life alternated between ecstatic visions of artistic fulfilment and bouts of terrible anger at the society that frustrated these dreams.

Adolescents often feel this agonising inability to come to terms with the external world and

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HUTCHINSON

spend their time daydreaming that they are Shakespeare and Superman rolled into one. Usually they either grow out of it or suffer a complete mental collapse. In Hitler's case neither happened. He did not make the final escape from reality into a lunatic asylum, but neither did he grow up. Instead, he continued to live his adolescent fantasy life, until war made him for the first time employable as a private soldier, and so set him on the road which would finally bring him to a position where he could impose his fantasies on the world of adults. This book reveals that the Fuehrer's character was fully formed when he was 16—or rather, that his development was arrested at this point. He was the boy who never grew up—and yet became Superman.

Three incidents in *The Young Hitler* illustrate this point. The first occurred after the boys heard *Rienzi*, the bombastic political opera in which Wagner portrays the rise and fall of a tribune of the people. When the performance was over Hitler remained fiercely silent and dragged his friend straight up the mountain behind the town. When they reached the top, he gripped Kubizek by both hands and erupted into speech:

> It was as if another being spoke out of his body and moved him as much as it did me. It was not at all a case of a speaker being carried away by his own words. . . . It was a state of complete ecstasy of rapture in which he transferred the character of Rienzi, without even mentioning him as a model or example, with visionary power to the plane of his own ambitions. Hitherto I had been convinced that my friend wanted to become an artist, a painter, of perhaps an architect . . . but now he was talking of a mandate which one day he would receive from the people to lead them out of servitude into the heights of freedom.

This must have been the first step in Hitler's political career. The second occurred when the boys clubbed together to buy a ticket for the State lottery. Hitler took tremendous trouble to choose the right ticket and was certain that he would win the first prize. He spent the ensuing weeks planning, in every detail, the life of culture and ease they would now be able to afford. He even selected the flat they would occupy and furnished it—in his mind's eye. When the results were announced he flew into the first of his terrible tempers, denouncing the corruption of the social system which had deprived him of his rights and vowing vengeance.

The third story concerns Hitler's one love affair. According to Kubizek he was completely normal in his affections but possessed by a puritanical disgust for sexual contact which he justified by an elaborate theory of sublimation. Walking in the main street of Linz one Sunday he saw a girl and fell in love—her name was Stefanie and she is still alive. Every day he stood at the end of the street to watch her go by, and when he went to Vienna Kubizek had to report on her regularly. Never once did Hitler speak to Stefanie (though he sent her an unintelligible letter from Vienna). Yet he remained passionately in love with her for four years—or, rather, he loved the ideal he had constructed, and dared not shatter by bringing it into contact with reality. In the strictest sense this was a Platonic friendship. True to the doctrine of the *Symposium*, Hitler first sublimated his physical feelings and then detached his life altogether from the individual who occasioned them, concentrating his passion on the "idea laid up in heaven." Indeed, both in his public and in his private life he was a caricature of the "philosopher king," just as the Third Reich was a caricature of Plato's Republic, an attempt to cure the evils of democracy by creating a dictatorship of eugenically selected and puritanically indoctrinated rulers.

In a revolutionary period the qualities that win allegiance are not reason and decency but faith and the naked will to power. Decency inhibits the springs of political action; faith releases them, even if it is the faith of an adolescent. Reason retards decision: the will to power simplifies and accelerates it, even when the will is evil. Hitler's arrested development actually helped him in the conditions of post-war Germany. Democratic politics—with its divisions of powers, its complex pattern of conflicting loyalties, its conventions and its limitations—is an adult form of government, which repels the adolescent. He gives or refuses unqualified allegiance; admires not the division but the concentration of power; feels that every choice is between right and wrong, and rejects the limitations which the adult environment imposes on his daydreams. When we remember that the mental age of most adults is not much more than 15, it is easy to understand why so large a segment of the German people remain indifferent to the Weimar constitution. They accepted it like parental authority, but could not identify themselves with what they dimly felt to be its selfishness and materialism; and when it failed to protect them in their jobs, they looked for a deliverer. Because Hitler's mental and emotional development was halted while his will power and cunning grew, he could provide them with a leadership for which they could feel not the resentful respect of the inferior for the superior or the adolescent for the adult, but complete identification.

It was this intoxicated sense of identification which enslaved Kubizek to the young Hitler. In the rest of his humdrum life nothing has been so real as the years when he listened to Hitler, followed him on their midnight walks and dutifully wrote down his inspired ravings in their bug-ridden room. Kubizek still remembers every detail. To some extent hindsight may have affected his memory, shaping youthful impressions into the pattern of later knowledge. But what gives this book its verisimilitude is its pathetic faithfulness. Placid and respectable, Kubizek still worships the memory of the romantic leader, to whom he gave the exclusive dog-like devotion his personality required. It was the break with Kubizek which sealed Hitler's fate and that of the western world. Deprived of this friendship, he would reshape society so that 25 years later millions of "Kubizeks" would hang on his words and follow him to destruction.

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PRIVATE LIFE OF A SAINT

The Memoirs of James Stephen. Edited by MERLE M. BEVINGTON. *Hogarth Press.* 30s.

The "Saints" (that determined body of high-minded, hymn-singing politicians, who triumphantly nagged Parliament into suppressing the slave trade and liberating the West Indian slaves long ago) were great believers in Divine Providence. God might move in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; but the wonders were forever forthcoming and, strangely enough, always turned out for the benefit of the Saints. Look at the mysterious way in which they found themselves sitting in the best seats in the House of Commons! They never went to Westminster early enough to bespeak these advantageous situations for themselves, yet their places were invariably ready taken for them. By Divine Providence? As a drab matter of fact, by Colonel Sibthorpe, but doubtless he was actuated by the deity. We owe it to Greville that this particular mystery can be explained in some detail. The Colonel, a rather eccentric M.P., was in the habit, when Parliament was in session, of spending his nights in a neighbouring brothel. He emerged at eight o'clock sharp every morning, entered the House next door and amused himself by reserving all the best seats for the Saints.

Psychologists might prefer to call the Colonel's practical joke a mere compensatory reaction after his night's work rather than a notable manifestation of divine purpose on behalf of enslaved Africans, but they would not get James Stephen to agree with them. That eminent Saint was so convinced of the interposition of Providence at every critical juncture in his life that in his old age he started to write his autobiography for the benefit of his children and grandchildren, giving an account of the manifold instances of God's intervention on behalf of James Stephen. The original MS. of this remarkable record has been recently deposited in the British Museum; and the complete text is now published with an informative introduction and a few helpful notes by Professor Bevington, of Duke University, North Carolina.

The story only covers the first twenty-five years of Stephen's life from 1758-1783. The hand of Providence first showed itself by wrecking James's feckless Scottish father on the Dorset coast, where he was befriended by the Customs officer at Poole and recompensed his benefactor by a clandestine marriage with his daughter, thereby enabling James himself to be born. James's mother, however, a simple good woman by his account, was to be punished for having deceived her father, by a lifetime of penury, child-bearing and anxiety, ending in a long-drawn-out and agonising death. Providence—and James—felt strongly about filial piety. A bad case was to come later, when Nancy, the girl James became engaged to, deceived her father (who strongly disapproved of James) by carrying on a secret correspondence with her lover and indeed actually loving him in defiance of her parent. This filial disrespect was "visited upon her" with a vengeance. Providence requited her by throwing James into the arms of another more attractive lady called Maria, whom he had the devil of a business to seduce and get with child. Twenty-eight years after Nancy's death James Stephen was still addressing his prayers to God "for her forgiveness"—and he does not mean for *her* to forgive *him* on account of Maria and the bastard, but for God to forgive *her* for betraying her father's trust. So much for lack of filial loyalty in this world and the next! Another target for Providence—and James—was the medical profession. As a boy he was just saved from dying at their bungling hands when suffering from typhoid fever by eating a lot of plums; and on another occasion only Dr. James's Powders, a quack remedy, providentially preserved him. Over money Providence was rather a tease; James had to be at his last gasp financially before the requisite cash rolled in. Once the need for funds was so urgent that Providence had recourse to ugly methods. An old uncle in the West Indies was forced to die abruptly, when apparently in

the best of health, to pay for the accouchement of the bastard. It must not be thought that it was all plain sailing for Providence; from time to time there was uphill work. Paroxysms of grief over the death of his mother, plus a threat of consumption, were required to cure James of masturbation; and his illicit lust for Maria could only be dissipated by the dullness of her conversation, the loss of her figure at childbirth, and a return of enthusiasm for Nancy.

It is difficult for the sceptic not to scoff when presented with such a monster of unctuous complacency masquerading as Christian humility. Yet James Stephen was no hypocrite in the sense that he was aware of his own fraudulence. The mind of the Pharisee is intolerably irritating just because it is sealed up against misgiving. He introjects the idea of God into his ego and feels thereby he has acquired the attributes of a supreme being. In consequence he is a powerful and dangerous man. Stephen himself may have been responsible for liberating thousands of Negroes through his sense of divine purpose, but the same inspiration brought on the war with the United States in 1812, when his paramount influence prevented the Orders in Council being abrogated in time. God's guidance is not all that reliable.

The ghost of James Stephen comes by night
To sit by the bed of the Buchmanite.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TEXTURE AND STRUCTURE

A Vision of Beasts and Gods. By GEORGE BARKER. *Faber*. 9*s*. 6*d*.
Soldiers Bathing. By F. T. PRINCE. *Fortune Press*. 6*s*.
A Few Late Chrysanthemums. By JOHN BETJEMAN. *Murray*. 9*s*. 6*d*.
Fighting Terms. By THOM GUNN. *Fantasy Press*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. George Barker has a brilliant impure talent, great energy, uncertain direction. His reputation rests not on a handful of poems that have taken their place in the canon—I am not sure that he has written a single poem that is satisfactory all through—but on the conviction he communicates that he has power, even when he is squandering it. Rather crudely, one might say that where Dylan Thomas wrote "poems," Mr. Barker writes "poetry." But, in fact, though they began at the same time, and were thought of as doing broadly the same sort of thing, the usual comparison between Mr. Barker and Thomas brings out all the living poet's faults and obscures his virtues. Mr. Barker is really much more like Mr. Roy Campbell, fluent, careless, vigorous. Thomas, though an extremely subjective, was also a profoundly impersonal poet. Mr. Barker, more alert, restless, interested in what was going on around him, found it from the start difficult to detach poetry from topical commentary and from autobiography. He is rather rarely, as Thomas often is, intrinsically obscure; he is often obscure because he communicates his emotions forcibly but does not make it clear what ideas or experiences have aroused his emotions. His present volume, though often coarser in verbal texture than some of his earlier work, seems to show progress in structural grasp. *Letter to a Young Poet* (about the nature of poetic inspiration) and *Channel Crossing* (about the moral gulf that yawns between us and the rest of Europe because, at however great a cost, we have so far won our wars) are, in this book, two fine poems built coherently round impersonal themes.

Yet the sense of a remarkable unevenness, an uncertainty about tone, remains. It is not merely that we can still spot the bit of straight Auden—

where the sacred bird really
Inhabits a derelict roof, and, in silence,
Love governs the personal principality—

or poor man's Hopkins—

Then she
Deep near her son asleep on the hourglass sand
Was awakened by whom
Save the Fate who knew that this was the wrong time. . . .

It is also that in such a passage as this the inversion, with its jaunty stage pathos, suggests that the statement made may be more profoundly true, at some levels, than the poet intends:

But every affection has already died, and broken
Is every precious feeling.

The style is at its most individually poignant at the level of what, with ambiguous, hesitating appreciation, one must call the grandiose:

Let Alighieri close his stark
Volcanic eye unvexed by those
Myopic vultures of the dark
Who watch that huge corpse decompose.

But a whole poem cannot be sustained at the level of the grandiose—cannot be sustained, even, at the level of that more austere thing, "the grand style"—and what worries a reader of Mr. Barker is that his passages of grand rant zoom up from a platform of semi-mechanical near-ranting, depressing because it has become a verbal bad habit. He has not got an acceptable "ordinary" or "normal" tone of voice. When he is lucky, a line that looks like fustian out of its setting—

The glittering instruments of war—

works beautifully in it. When he is unlucky, a couple of showy *clichés* are set to prop each other up—

The splendours and the miseries
Of that cold illustrious shade—

and both fall down. But it is something, after twenty years, still to arouse our hopes and disappoint them, and the new grasp of structure in this volume makes one still obstinately hopeful about Mr. Barker's future development. It would be silly, I suppose, to hope that he will develop taste in language, for some of his best effects come from a kind of brilliant bad taste.

Mr. Prince, on the other hand, seems to me a poet of splendid potential talent hampered by too much good taste. About *his* language there is too much of a smell of literature, art, and piety, not enough roughage. He writes with a kind of Italianate smoothness which Dr. Leavis—in relation to Mr. Eliot's essay on Tennyson—was right, I think, in regarding as foreign to the real genius of our own tongue. A poem like *The Parting*, modelled on Donne, is modelled in such a close and scholarly way—

If yesterday,
It was as to begin with, and
We thought it should forever stand,
And find today it may not, shall we say,
That it was easy to say so
When I might hold you close and kiss,
But what may happen, when I go,
Why, what but that we still should love like this?—

that we feel it an exercise—and smoothed, diminished from its great exemplar—rather than a sincere expression of contemporary feeling. Similarly, a stanza like this—

For we know nothing but that, long ago,
We learnt to love God whom we cannot know.
I touch your eyelids that one day must close,
Your lips as perishable as a rose:
And say that all must fade, before we know
The thing we know of but we not know—

delights us with its skill and delicacy but makes us also feel uneasily, "Is this not how Ernest Dowson might have written, a Dowson with a better mind and character, who had become a Christian humanist?" The title poem, a famous piece in wartime anthologies, and one of the few wartime anthology pieces that have lasted, seems to me very much the best poem in the book, because it has to transcend literary attitudes. I would say the two longest and most ambitious poems, *The Old Age of Michelangelo* and *Apollo and the Sibyl* are distinguished failures, poems which we admire in conception and detail, but read through with a certain effort. *Soldiers Bathing* is, however, the first book of poems by a very accomplished writer in fifteen years, and I hope deeply it is not a swan-song, but a prelude to a new start.

There is, as various reviewers have noticed, more gloom and less zest, more of a prevailing slightly liverish note, about Mr. Betjeman's latest offering than usual. I am not sure that I mind much, as I have never thought him at his best in his Joyce Grenfell or NEW STATESMAN competition mood. The gloom is sincere, and the

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Christian sentiments seem to me to be expressed with an unaffected honesty:

> . . . Time, bring back
> The rapturous ignorance of long ago,
> The peace, before the dreadful daylight starts,
> Of unkept promises and broken hearts.

Original Sin on the Sussex Coast has a frightening account of the bullying of a sensitive boy—

> . . . Andrew Knox well-dressed, well-born, well-fed,
> Even at nine a perfect gentleman,
> Willie Buchanan waiting at his side,
> Another Scot, eruptions on his skin—

on his way home from day-school. Original sin does, indeed, crop up again and again—

> Barry smashes Shirley's dolly, Shirley's eyes are crossed with hate,
> Comrades plot a Comrade's downfall "in the interests of the State—"

but I don't on the whole find the handling of it smug or pi, or the mood of compunction forced:

> Protestant claims and Catholic, the wrong and the right of them,
> Unimportant they seem in the face of death—
> But my neglect and unkindness—to lose the sight of them
> I would listen even again to that labouring breath.

Perhaps this book will come home most pungently to the middle-aged—who will perhaps find Mr. Thom Gunn a bit brash and callow. *Lofty in the Palais de Danse* is, of course, ironical—

> You praise my strength. The muscle on my arm.
> Yes. Now the other. Yes, about the same.
> I've got another muscle you can feel.
> Dare say you knew—

but the irony doesn't cut quite deep enough. Mr. Gunn has a boyish admiration for his village Edmunds and tight-lipped, tough novice amorists. But he has a range, a sense of construction, and a sincerity even in his occasional naiveties that make him stand out notably among poets in their twenties. His plain, blunt style is also, though still an imperfect, already an individual instrument. He is not treading on anybody's tracks; such independence is rare among young poets.

G. S. FRASER

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THE PEOPLE'S CHURCHES

The English Mediaeval Parish Church. By G. H. COOK. *Phoenix House.* 36*s.*

Parish churches are probably the most numerous, certainly the most easily accessible, and consequently the most frequently visited antiquities in England. "The people's churches" is what Mr. Cook calls them, and his book is one more in that long succession of popular works about the English parish church which started with the Ecclesiological movement in the 1840s. As such, it conforms closely to the established formula for books on this subject: first there is some attempt to place the parish church in its historical setting as an ecclesiastical institution: then there are chapters on dedications, planning, architectural development, interior arrangement, fittings and furniture, an excursus on Crypts and Bone Holes, another on Towers, and a brief valedictory chapter on "The Reformation and After." Finally there is a book list, too long to be selective, but too short to serve the purposes of a proper bibliography of the subject, and a glossary of the simpler ecclesiological terms.

To this familiar sequence Mr. Cook has added a chapter on "Records of Mediaeval Church Building" which shows that he has read his Salzman, and another on "Monastic Churches Converted into Parish Churches After the Supression." The New Ecclesiology he ignores, and his readers are not invited to share with Dr. Addleshaw and Mr. Etchells the excitement of looking for the liturgical centre of a medieval church refitted in Georgian times, still less to participate in the Victorian enthusiam of Messrs. Piper and Betjeman. Even the more modest attractions of the Gothic Survival have escaped him, and in spite of the Jacobean date-stones on a score or more of resolutely Gothic steeples he dismisses these ultimate testimonies to the longevity of the medieval tradition with a conventional reference to the "corruption" of Perpendicular "by debased forms of classic origin". (A classical enthusiast might legitimately retort that the phrase could equally well be applied to the Romanesque architecture of the Saxon and early Norman period.)

There is therefore very little in Mr. Cook's book that has not been said before, and said in most cases with more distinction than he has been able to instil into his painstakingly factual prose. For it is not easy to write a new book on old lines without being dull, and as one ecclesiological specimen succeeds another the reader's attention may well begin to flag. Fortunately he can turn for relief to the numerous illustrations, which are well chosen and agreeably unhackneyed. What is more, despite their context, they contrive to convey something of that Anglican atmosphere which pervades even the most medieval of our parish churches, and is perhaps their most endearing characteristic.

H. M. COLVIN

CHIPS FROM THE OLD BLOCK

The Pebbles on the Beach. By CLARENCE ELLIS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To see the world in a grain of sand, this, surely, must become the chosen motto for any Royal Society of Pebble Collectors which may be founded in some future age of leisure. For the grain of sand is in truth the pebble at its smallest, and pebbles are microcosms, chips from our geological record smoothed by water, wind and ice into the mild rounded forms which lie so snugly together by shores and watercourses.

Though reduced to a misleading uniformity of shape, and even of colour and texture, by their long experience of knocking about the world, the history of the pebbles forming a single spit of shingle on some English beach may span hundreds of millions of years and a considerable part of the earth's surface. There may be fragments of igneous rocks once gouted from volcanoes or forced molten into fissures; there will be many fragments of sedimentary rocks silted on quiet sea-beds, and perhaps some compact of corals, sea-lilies and the coiled shells of water snails; there may be pebbles brought from Norway by the colossal glaciers of the Ice Age or pebbles men have brought from any quarter of the globe in the ballast of their ships. Some may have been forming before life began on earth or when it was young and tentative; others during the Age of Fishes; the stuff of some when still loose and yielding may have been stirred by the passage of a saurian foot; a few, likely to be already disintegrating, may have formed after the rise of the mammals. All, whatever their age or place of origin, must be in the second half of the unending cycle which turns mud and sand into rock, and rock into mud and sand.

Mr. Ellis writes simply and well about the natural processes which compose, shape and transport pebbles, and about the identification of the main varieties of rock. He devotes one entire chapter to the semi-precious stones whose discovery, often disguised behind a dull exterior, may reward the patient and well-informed collector. Here the names lend his pages a Biblical richness—onyx, jasper and amethyst, agate, chalcedony and sard—the words have all the tone and glow of the specimens displayed in the admirable coloured plates. Mr. Ellis advises the collector to take these treasures to a lapidary who, by cutting and polishing them, can reveal in an altogether new brilliance such features as the elegant banding of the finest onyx, the strange rings and fronds of 'fortification' and moss agates, or the ruddy warmth of carnelian. The book ends with a tour of the English and Welsh coasts in which the most likely hunting-grounds for different varieties are described, and such local specialities as Whitby jet and the serpentine of the Lizard peninsula receive appropriate attention.

Mr. Ellis is unreliable when he leaves his own subject—it is wrong, for example, to say that prehistoric peoples settled on the chalk only because it was rich in flints, or to speak of the Assyrians and Babylonians of 4500 B.C.—but within it he is, so far as I can judge, a most excellent guide. Whether the encouragement of this kind of collecting is to be applauded is another matter. Although inclined to believe man is most truly man when being least practical and useful, I am still more strongly convinced that when we leave our teens we should also leave collecting unless its object is of some æsthetic, scientific or historical value. If there is a fine vein of poetry in the idea of pebble-collecting there is also a fairly broad one of silliness. Still, in our society many people are forced reluctantly to the seaside, and to all such victims of hygiene as well as to boys and girls of every age I warmly recommend *The Pebbles on the Beach.*

JACQUETTA HAWKES

NEW NOVELS

Mark Lambert's Supper. By J. I. M. STEWART. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Agency Game. By BERNARD GUTTERIDGE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Governor's Wife. By DAVID UNWIN. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Course of Love. By RACHEL TRICKETT. *Constable.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Quicquid agunt homines—it may be the Dark Continent, the harlotry of advertising, the eminent literary dead, or a spot of philandering in East Anglia. Between them these four entirely dissimilar books prove to what concertina length the art of fiction has been stretched.

Let us take the entertainments first. Mr. Stewart, who as Michael Innes has long given delight to a vast number of readers who like dollops of Eng. Lit. and *Künsthistorische* in their strychnine, has written his first straight novel. A charming Jamesian monkey-puzzle, it belongs to what Mr. Connolly has called "that group of satires on literary shop that forms one of the most remarkable achievements of the English novel." Though Mr. Stewart's book is in the

line of *Seven Men*, it is something more and less than a satire. It has wit, fantasy, a delightful but improbable heroine and an even more improbable hero. It also contains, among other things, a riproaring pastiche of the Master, a cruel parody of a B.B.C. In Memoriam, some fine glimpses of Florence, a disquisition on Sargent (p. 78) and three female dons whose conversation makes the twitterings of Miss Sayers's weird sisters in *Gaudy Night* sound the poorest kind of lifemanship. I particularly liked Miss Bave, a bluestocking with a nice sense of the rigours of the learned game. "If you choose to live with academic people," she tells her young *protégée*, "you must frequently put up with persons of less breeding than cultivation." And even better, "What has brought physical indignity upon me is unremitting intellectual labour. It produces—well, painful diseases in crude old age." If Mr. Stewart's book is ever filmed—and it would make a splendid Ealing comedy—I should like to see Miss Eave played by Miss Margaret Rutherford.

Mr. Gutteridge blows his top off brilliantly on the subject of advertising. His book is nothing so objective as a satire. He is involved up to the hilt with his nylon-shirted tycoons, and he manages to be extremely funny about them. Recommended to all who enjoy the idea of a copywriter with an enthusiasm for Conrad pressing "Mistah Kurtz—he dead!" into the service of Cheyney's Gold Medal Stout.

Mr. Unwin's novel takes us into the heart of darkness. It is a gallant and by no means unsuccessful attempt to describe contemporary Africa through the eyes of a young planner visiting the two territories of Bandaland and Equatoria. Bandaland is a British colony, as it might be the Gold Coast or Tanganyika; Equatoria is a thinly veiled image of Dr. Malan's Union. Sebastian runs the gamut of African experience; he meets wild, dung-coiffeured tribesmen, sits through candlelit dinners at Government House and gets beaten up by Equatorian police thugs on a Negro location. Mr. Unwin packs his pages with character, incident and observation. Tribal rites, soil erosion, farms worked by convict labour, a dusky young prince from Balliol with a weakness for Sheraton—there is no end to his catalogue of incongruities. He always writes sharply, sometimes with eloquence:

> . . . The sun, swollen and red, had dipped almost to the horizon when, with a lifting whine of the engine and a reassuring crash of gears, we topped the long rise and rolled forward into the plain beyond.
>
> The scene was fantastic. The level, scrub-dotted land was littered, evenly, with square chunks of blood-coloured lava. The floor of the desert appeared to glow crimson, to shimmer with an incandescence, as if the titanic explosion that had once spewed up these blocks of pumice and showered them in a rain of fire over the wilderness had taken place that very day. We looked out from the top of the truck across a horizon-wide and theatrical desolation . . .
>
> . . . Two hundred and fifty miles and more behind us, the palms of Banda swallowed up the sun. The crimson glow died, colour was instantly extinguished. The desert was seen to be scattered with lumps of lack-lustre rock, dull black. These blocks of lava looked like coffins in the half-light. A hundred thousand coffins littering untidily the level plain.

If this book fails as a novel, it is because it is too full of meat, too crammed and episodic. Though Mr. Unwin brings his story to a melodramatic climax, there is no inner line of development, and the attempt to impose a pattern on the narrative through the hero's relationship with the incredible governor's wife, is hollow and artificial. The book succeeds through its vigorous and uncompromising reporting—an imaginative reporting that reminded me of Disraeli's *Sybil*. Like Disraeli, Mr. Unwin is determined to put it all in. His aim is to illustrate "the Condition of the People"—but in doing so he fails, unlike Disraeli, to realise that "so little do we know of the state of our own country, that the air of improbability which the whole truth will inevitably throw over these pages, might deter some from their persusal."

Lastly we have Miss Trickett, whose formidable reputation, attested by Mr. Joyce Cary, Mr. John Connell and the late Edward Shanks, goes before her inside the front cover. Frankly I confess myself rather at sea about Miss Trickett. She is indomitably English, she is evidently a gentlewoman and she writes with the cool detached purity of one dropping pebbles at regular intervals into a moss-grown well. For much of her book I was bored and impatient. "Where and what," I felt like crying, "is the point of all this? The hero is selfish without being interesting; his two lovely victims have no solidity. What is it that is holding one to the page?"

After much reflection I concluded that the answer was sex-in-the-head. Besides being a very competent writer—there is a donnish vignette at the end of the book which is a masterly bit of impressionism—Miss Trickett has that invaluable knack of stimulating the reader's sexual curiosity. Will Stephen seduce Delia? Will he go back to Laura? It is a knack that the writer shares with Richardson—as D. H. Lawrence thought, the most improper of English novelists. Miss Trickett is by no means improper. But she has more than a hint of the great sentimentalist's gossamer grossness.

JOHN RAYMOND

A THOUSAND PENGUINS

This week Penguin Books publishes its thousandth title—Edward Young's *One of Our Submarines*. The choice is an appropriate one, for Mr. Young designed the cover of Penguin No. 1 (André Maurois' *Ariel*) when it first appeared in 1935. Since then Penguins have covered a good deal of ground. In the past 19 years Sir Allen Lane and his associates have carved out a great empire of popular culture, ranging from Homer and Dostoevsky to the psychology of Jung and the novels of Raymond Chandler. What began as something like a British equivalent of the Tauchnitz paper-backs, has expanded to embrace works on archæology, art criticism, mathematics, spiritualism, even horse-racing. Perhaps the Penguin's educational brother, the Pelican, is an even stranger phenomenon. The success of the series was assured as far back as 1937 when Shaw wrote a chapter on Fascism specially for the Pelican edition of his *Intelligent Woman's Guide*. Since then we have had a Pelican History of England, the Pelican Psychology series and Professor Ayer's selection of Penguin philosophers, not to speak of King Penguins, Penguin Classics, Penguin Music Scores and Penguin Modern Painters. Experts now write for Penguin Books as for any other publisher. Of the 294 Pelicans so far produced, 184 have been specially commissioned for the series.

SHORTER REVIEWS

I Rode with the Ku Klux Klan. By STETSON KENNEDY. *Arco.* 15*s.*

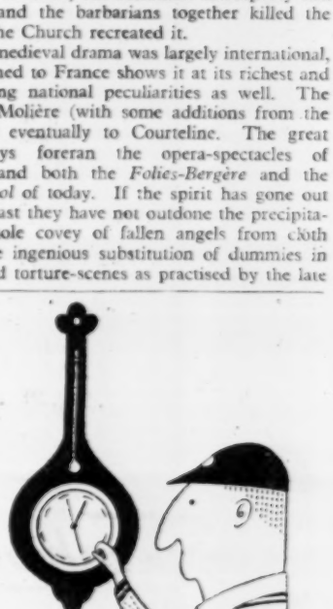
The KKK, founded in 1865 by agents of the big planters to suppress the growing democratic movement among Negro freedmen, poor whites, and northerners who came south after the civil war to help in reconstruction, must be one of the earliest manifestations of Fascism. Its method of appealing to the basest ideas of the stupidest members of the lower middle class were to become classic. It reminds one of several trends in America which can be counted on to form the advance guard of any McCarthyite movement, and its recent history deserves some study.

Mr. Kennedy joined the Klan in Atlanta, Georgia ("The Imperial City"); as an undercover agent on behalf of the Georgia Department of Law, to investigate how much truth there was in rumours of a post-war comeback. The answer appears to be: plenty. He found an active organisation, staffed, in many cases, by local police officials, getting financial support from big business. Lynching, flogging of Negroes, dynamiting of trade union premises, was going on intermittently. Klan membership was on the increase, though public ridicule, as the result of one of Mr. Kennedy's exposures, had a healthy effect in keeping it in check. His book is alarming, exciting, revolting, and sometimes funny in an Elmer Gantryish way, as when one Klan official steals another's mistress by forcing the lodge to take a vow of chastity. Unfortunately it is flagrantly written up and over-sensationalised, in an unrelievedly novelistic manner; dates and statistics are often omitted; the final impression is unnecessarily confusing.

The Medieval French Drama. By GRACE FRANK. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

For seventy years the medieval drama has attracted the devoted research of scholars of the calibre of Petit de Julleville, Creizenach, Chambers and, more lately, Gustave Cohen and Karl Young. There might seem to be little more to be said, but this workmanlike book by an American scholar is welcome. It embodies the latest knowledge and theory in brief and is the first book in English to do so. It is also useful for its summaries of all the main French medieval plays, from the earliest known Mystery to *Pathelin* and the late Moralities. It goes into the perennial question of an underground link between the ancient Roman theatre and European drama as it reappeared after a 700-year break, but concludes inescapably that the Church and the barbarians together killed the theatre and the Church recreated it.

While the medieval drama was largely international, a study confined to France shows it at its richest and suggests lasting national peculiarities as well. The *farce* led to Molière (with some additions from the Italians) and eventually to Courteline. The great Mystery plays foreran the opera-spectacles of Louis XIV and both the *Folies-Bergère* and the *Grand Guignol* of today. If the spirit has gone out of these, at least they have not outdone the precipitation of a whole covey of fallen angels from cloth clouds, or the ingenious substitution of dummies in executions and torture-scenes as practised by the late



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medieval *machinistes*. To develop such comparisons was outside Miss Frank's subject, but her somewhat austere approach implies that the medieval world was more remote from the modern than it is. A contemporary French or English scholar would certainly have conceded more to the general reader, if only by translating the sometimes crucial quotations from Latin authorities.

Chaplin—the Immortal Tramp. By R. J. MINNEY. *Newnes*. 16s.

The Chaplin story is almost as well-known as his films. Part fact and part legend, it fits only too well: the success story of all time. Did Dickens make too much of the blacking factory? Far blacker were the beginnings here; and Mr. R. J. Minney, who claims the advantage of "knowing the family," adds some welcome detail. An ancestral Chaplin fled the massacre of St. Bartholomew to settle in East Anglia; Chaplin's father toured the halls, supplementing small earnings with the sale of song sheets, on which he appeared wearing tails and a small topper. He was never much at home, and died young. His wife, a dancer, was Jewish, and from her Chaplin got his gift of mimicry. Too ill to go out, she would sit at the window of their attic in the Waterloo Road, from which the brokers had taken everything except the mattress, giving a pantomime of all that was going on below; and Chaplin's first performances, at the age of four, were outside pubs, to the tunes of a barrel-organ round the corner.

He built his Hollywood studio to resemble a row of Tudor cottages. He married girls who either had silly ambitions or were always giving parties that drove him out of his own home. He became the most popular figure in the world. Unpopularity popped up. His mother was "sent for" and lived out her days, knowing him as "the King." He came back to England and gazed up at the hospital windows that had shone when his father lay dying. He went to Germany to get away from applause, and having got away, didn't like it. Yes, it's the old story, but with fresh and—it would seem—authentic touches, and the 130 or so photographs make a Chaplin album for which alone the book would be worth buying.

Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era, 1910-1917. By S. LINK. *Hamish Hamilton*. 30s.

Whether or not we agree with Mr. G. M. Young's definition of the historian's task as the elucidation of "that objective mind which controls the thinking and doing of an age or race," we may reasonably insist that it is something more than a flat chronicle of events, interspersed with contemporary comment. This first volume in Harper's New American Nation Series fails to rise above the level of competent chronicling because the author never succeeds in defining his subject. Wilson himself is not the subject, and we are nowhere permitted to gain insight into the real tragedy of Wilson's dilemma, his inability to reconcile a lofty idealism with freedom from self-delusion in appraising the actual. No more is the Progressive Movement the central theme. Of the activities and ideas of such figures as William Allen White, Steffens, Tarbell, Norman Hapgood, Frederic Howe, to mention a few, the reader is left in ignorance, except for a generalised statement of the political pressures on Wilson. Nor can it be said that Wilson and the Progressives together constitute a single unity of subject, for Professor Link effectively demonstrates Wilson's frigidity towards all the Progressives' demands before a belated conversion under the stimulus of his second Presidential campaign. The book contains a useful annotated bibliography.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,272

Set by Guy Walsingham

"Have you forgotten what an improbable fantastic world awaits you at the Zoo?" asks a London Transport advertisement: "How extravagantly elegant the giraffe is, how impossibly striped the zebra? Unsteady waiters line the penguin pool at feeding time. Dignified but secretly exhibitionistic bears lovingly devour ice-cream." From another poster we learn that "London cathedrals are windows through which to see the fabric of her history. Her famous dead here rest in stone and carved memorial, islanded in time against the urgency of her busy streets." Readers are invited to concoct, in L.T.E. prose, equally enticing descriptions of the Athenaeum, the Old Bailey, Billingsgate, the British Museum Reading Room, Sotheby's, or Covent Garden on a *Ring* night.

Report by Guy Walsingham

The L.T.E., as the given examples demonstrated, has no truck with shock publicity or brassy slogan. It does not bully or cajole the traveller to board its buses or its trains; more subtly, it sets out to create an atmosphere about a place such as no person of sensibility can withstand. So the crude appeal was laid aside ("Visit Billingsgate. See the fairyland of fish in all its splendour"); so, also, was the too obviously informative, though I must admit I enjoyed Colin Hayes's brisk directions for the Athenaeum—

Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, Permanent Secretaries approach by Waterloo Steps, Actors, Poets, Authors by Lower Regent Street. Peak Viewing Hours: 12.30—1 p.m. (Arrival). 3.15—4 p.m. (Departure).

Here is a variety of tempting phrases:

Billingsgate. "Preposterously hatted porters unload the boats at the wharf, then, oozy boxes aloft, manoeuvre through seething streets, oblivious of their historic surroundings and the pictorial interest of their daily labour" (Barbara Smoker). "Here lies the Big Money—crisp 10 and 20-pounders, cod, halibut, turbot;—there—the sea-sixpences, the silver herring, along with whelks, mussels, shrimps and other small change" (P. M.) "Listen to the sturdy men who hasten the herring on its journey from Dogger to slab" (Stanley J. Sharpless).

British Museum Reading Room. "Here, in silent cerebration, student and sage ponder the permutations of alphabets and the ciphers of scientists. Beneath their feet are the shelved labyrinths where priestly Aaron is forever jostled further from reforming Zwingli by the endless industry of scribes" (Kinroy).

"The enthusiastic student, copiously penning notes, rubs shoulders with some grave and aged professor perusing some erudite tome—one of the myriad which, it is said, a monkey might copy correctly, given a typewriter and enough time . . ." (C. G. Pearson).

Sotheby's. "Here, in fact, is the Aladdin's Cave of private treasure—the auctioneer a genii who summons up a Cellini brooch from some Shropshire manor, incomparable Hepplewhite improbably from the fastnesses of Angus" (John Digby).

Athenaeum. "Have you ever seen a Bishop asleep or a Senior Civil Servant awake?" (J. P. Mullarky). ". . . the majestic Ante-Room to the final Presence Chamber. Here are to be found none but the truly illustrious of the nation who await in serene dignity their dread summons to glorious sepulture in Westminster Abbey." (A. M. Sayers).

Covent Garden. "Here you may glide with silver-scaled mermaids in a gold-tinted Rhine, gasp at the bizarre moonlight union of the taboo-defying Volsung twins, exult with the conquering Siegfried as his vibrant ardour pierces the mailed godhead of the chaste Brünnahilde . . ." (Findlay P. Murdoch).

Old Bailey: "For another twopence you can go on to the Law Courts in the Strand and see the decision reversed on appeal" (J. P. Mullarky).

First prize of two guineas to C.B. who so skilfully caught the cadences as well as the approach of 55 Broadway; a guinea and a half each to F. W. Hann, and Edward Blishen: one guinea to M.W. Honourable mention to those quoted above, to J. P. Stevenson for a neat inside job on the Athenaeum ("Here the Third Programme distils in bodily shape,") to Lakon, Nancy Gunter and Granville Garley.

THE ATHENAEUM

Helmet agleam, Pallas Athene stares with eyes sagacious yet unseeing across the jostling throng. What lies behind hushed portals guarded thus symbolically? . . . Here Elder Statesmen shrewdly adumbrate the indiscretions of stripling septuagenarians. There Bishops, unencloistered, cogitate on stalls prebendal. Servants of State in slippered ease tell towering tales of battles long ago . . . If truth were known 'twould tilt that golden helmet all askew. Let us pass by a-tip-toe (buses 66, 96, 188 pass the door)

C. B.

BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM

Scholar from Nantucket, or cymbalist from Sind, the traveller who emerges from Tottenham Court Road Station gives pause.

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M. W.

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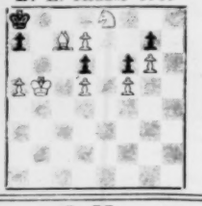
CHESS: Multi-purpose Problem

No. 252

I like a cigarette-case to hold cigarettes, a lighter to light them; but one can find both neatly combined in a case which also contains a flapjack, a lipstick, a pencil, a diary and which, for all I know, may serve any number of additional purposes. Whoever likes such functional multiplicity will be pleased by **A**. Here truly is a multi-purpose problem that may well remind our lady-competitors of those tricky garments which—so I am told—can be turned inside out, thereby made to serve as a beach-pyjama, a party-frock, a mackintosh or whatever else the occasion may require. Our problem can do even better than that. It is a mate in 2 for White as well as for Black to move, and it is also a sui-mate for either to move. (For the uninitiated I had better explain that whoever has the move should commit suicide, as it were, by forcing the opponent to mate him in 2 moves.) I offer 4 points for each of those easy problems and thus, with a practically unearned income of 16 in the bag, competitors can turn to **B** which, being a sui-mate in 1, would seem to be an even greater bargain at 5 ladder-points. But there is a little snag. White must first take back his last move and make another one instead, the one that forces Black to mate him. After something so shockingly illegal, I had better try to please our lawyers. **C** is certainly quite pretty to look at; but when I offer as much as 6 points for a mere mate in 1, a wise competitor may well suspect a snag. So there is, and indeed it is a legal snag. As for the 7 points to be earned by **D**, I can dispense with a diagram. Just put up the basic position and make up to 16 consecutive moves with the White pieces, none of which should penetrate beyond the 4th rank. After so much undisturbed manoeuvring against a completely undeveloped foe you must be in a position to announce a mate in 2.

A: E. H. Courtenay 1910

B: L. Krause 1909



C: R. Steinweg 1910

After so much midsummer madness a couple of honest end-game studies may be welcome. **E**—White to draw—is neat and subtle; but to overrate it with 8 points would be inexcusable but for my desire to reach a grand total of 50 ladder-points obtainable this holiday week-end. As for **F** though—White to win—this has quite a few pitfalls; it may well be no bargain at 8 points.

E: G. Bernhardt 1922

F: F. Bethge 1949

Usual prizes. Entries by August 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 249. Set July 10

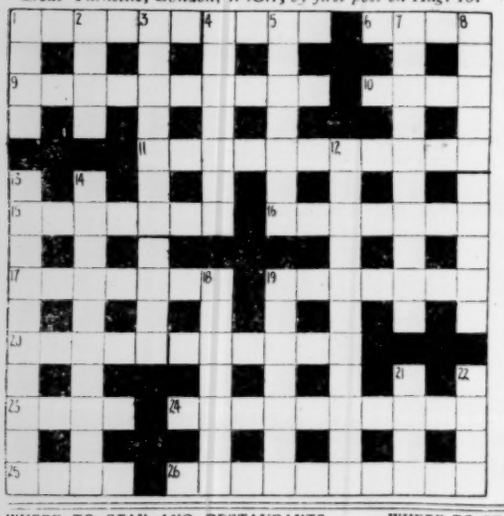
A: (1) . . . Kt-KKt6!! etc.
B: (1) R-Q1 ch. K-K2. (2) R-Q6! R-QB7. (3) R-QB6! R x R. (4) K-R7, etc.
C: (1) P-Q7, R-Q4. (2) K-Kt2, K-B7. (3) K-B3, K-Q6. (4) K-B4, K-Q5. (5) R-B7! K-Q6. (6) R-Kt7, K-Q5. (7) R-R7, K-Q6. (8) R-B7, K-Q5. (9) R-B1! etc.
If (6) . . . K-B5. (7) K-K4, etc.

Many correct solutions, though a good many were stumped by **C**. H. Ainsworth, winner of our first competition five years ago, has put in a welcome reappearance: he shares the prizes with A. W. Bowen, R. E. Clark, M. Kaye, F. A. Rhoden. Usually, I am never pedantic about entries being a day or two late; but while I am abroad in August and September entries must reach the office by Monday afternoon, so as to be forwarded in time.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 111

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 111, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 10.



ACROSS

1. Place on the coast offering scope to the beachcomber? (6, 4).
6. Writer on Oxford in the vacation (4).
9. Fine weather wear for celebrated girls (10).
10. The liaison without this on reveals 6 disguised (4).
11. Portray a poet and you have means of entry into homes of the great (11).
15. Singer in the revolutionary broadcast (7).
16. House coal is distributed about the mine (7).
17. Start with what you need for a beach and possess a seaside resort (7).
19. Entertainer who provides nonsense by the jetty (7).
20. Waves on the hilltops (5, 6).
23. "From the greengrocer—— you get grapes and green pea" (Gilbert) (4).
24. Smuts' belief was in the end of drunkenness (10).
25. English unofficial flower (4).
26. No praises ruined a saint, but with these one is damned (10).

DOWN

1. Drink like a fish (4).
2. Sally is the fair one (4).
3. There is little enough difference from domestic vacations, but it is a quiet place to stay at (7, 4).
4. The person to be economical (7).
5. The distilling apparatus makes a drink with a medico in charge (7).
7. They convert trial goals (10).
8. Where the doctor's name may be found in collections? (5, 5).
12. Opinions which appear in print? (11).
13. Not the resort for the salt? (10).
14. Hardness of the shifting silt in fens (10).
18. Fools; old ones maybe (7).
19. The virtuous removed an old coin (7).
21. There is nothing under cover where people swim (4).
22. Birds among the promenade musicians (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 109

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 109

Elizabeth Barnicot (Henley), W. de Graaf (The Hague), B. M. Cummings and M. L. Scott (Maidenhead).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

SUMMER, autumn or week-end holidays in the Surrey Pinehills. Ideal for conferences & week-end schools. Treetops Holiday Comp, Farley Green, Guildford, Shere 107.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Ptys), St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings 4571.

DORSET. The Court Hotel, Charmouth, offers ideal holiday accommodation. Reduced terms Oct. to May for residents.

SIMPLE Country Guest House in lovely Cotswold Valley (under new management). Ideal walking and motoring. 5-6*gns*. Stonehridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlooking sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Vacancies: Large family room, Aug. 7-21. Double, Aug. 14-28. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½*gns*. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

ROSELAND, S. C'wall. Sm guest house on sea edge. Quiet. Beautiful scenery. Vacs. Sept. & on. Mrs Job Tirva, Veryan.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge, Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, mod. con. Lovely Fowey valley 4 m. sea. Good food. B. & B. & supper. 5*gns*. Brown, Lower Milltown Farm, Lostwithiel 260.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BIDEFORD, North Devon. "Coombe Walter," Abbotsham. Guests received (picnic lunch, from July to October). Terms from 5*gns*.; also flat to let, suitable for quiet couple. Mrs. B. M. Harris.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

SANDBANKS Bournemouth. Beautiful double bed-sitting room with breakfast. 3½*gns*. each. HOL. 6867.

TANKERTON-on-Sea. Fiveways Hotel, the resort of discriminating folk. In large sheltered gdns.; near sea. Sunny bdrms., h. & c.; excellent cuisine. Easy reach Canterbury. Kingsdown Park, Tankerton, Kent. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal sitn. Plsant. hol. resort. O'lkg. sea. Attractive caterg. Brochure.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

SOUTH Cornwall. Lt.-Comdr. Selby receives a few paying guests, comf. home, gd. food. Mild winters. Torrevean, Porthleven.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BOOK now for Sept., Oct. at congenial P./Hotel in resort medically commended for late holidays (mild, sunny, sheltrd.). Informative brochures free. 5½, 7½*gns*. wkly., incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, etc. Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands, 2 comftble. lounges. Well apptd. throughout. Fully bkd. last autumn; rec. by N.S. readers. Meat/Vegetarian. Normanhurst, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. facing S., nr. sun-lounge (orchestra dly.). Opp. covrd. walk, 3-mile prom. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s*. 6*d*., postage 3*d*. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London. 6½*gns*. p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, homely. Brochure.

CROMER, sunspot of the Norfolk coast. Comf. family hotel, good food, children welcome. Res. proprietress. 6½-7*gns*. p.w. St. Rhadegunds, Vicarage Rd. Tel. 250811.

AFTER the rain comes Sunshine! Book for a late holiday in glorious Devon. "Sea-View" Guesthouse, Woolacombe, adjoining beach. Mod. terms. Also furn. bungalows to let. Mrs. Garness. Tel. 44.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. A beautiful guest house in the Surrey hills, ideal holiday or week-end. Mod. terms. Excel. catering. Tel. Bramley 306811.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns*. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

NICE—Heart of French Riviera. Full board 1,150 francs (23*s*.) Vacs. Sept. Les Orangers Hotel, 16 Rue des Lilas.

"TO be my constant companion on every journey by road henceforth. Could any secular book be more precious?" John Connell, Evening News. "The Good Food Guide, 1954," contains recommendations by Good Food Club members of over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Published by Cassell, 5*s*.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Assistant Librarian in the Fisher Library. Applicants must be graduates of a recognised University, must have Professional Membership of an approved Library Association or an equivalent qualification, and experience in a large library. The salary is within the range of £A1,500-£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A50, and is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 31, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Faculty of Archæology and Anthropology. The post of University Assistant Lecturer in Social Anthropology will be vacant from October 1, 1954. The pensionable stipend will be £600 × £25 to £700 a year. The stipend may be supplemented by a pensionable payment up to £120 a year on the fulfilment of certain specified conditions. Candidates should send ten copies of their applications, with the names of not more than three referees, to the Secretary of the Appointments Committee, Museum of Archæology and Ethnology, Downing Street, Cambridge, so as to reach him not later than August 25, 1954.

GRADUATES, men under 35, are invited to apply for appointment as Research Assistant in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. In addition to a good degree, preferably in history or geography, candidates should have a sound general academic background and some literary ability. Teaching experience and familiarity with the production and use of various forms of Visual Aids is desirable. Commencing salary £600, with superannuation benefits after qualifying period. Applications, stating age and date available, should be marked "Confidential R.A." and addressed to the Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement.

ELIZABETH Fry Memorial Trust, Spofforth Hall, near Harrogate. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Warden which becomes vacant at the end of August, 1954. Spofforth Hall is a family rehabilitation and training centre for mothers who have been unable to give adequate care to their homes and children. There is at present accommodation for ten mothers with children under school age; some come voluntarily under the National Health Services Act; and a limited number come as a condition of probation following conviction for neglect of their children. Spofforth Hall is managed by a committee appointed by the Society of Friends; the Warden is responsible to the Committee for the management of the Home. Applicants should have an understanding sympathy with the difficulties of the mothers sent for rehabilitation; they should be able to direct the work of the staff and to build up an atmosphere of friendly co-operation with both staff and mothers. The salary scale is from £350 a year with full residential emoluments. Commencing salary will be fixed in relation to the age and experience of the person appointed. There is a superannuation scheme. Applications giving full details of training and previous experience and the names of two persons to whom reference can be made should be sent to Hon. Sec., Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust, Beverley House, Shipton Rd., York.

SENIOR Classics Mistress wanted in January. Greek and Latin up to Oxford and Cambridge Scholarship standard. Resident or non-resident. New Burnham Scale. Government Superannuation. Apply Headmistress, St. Felix School, Southwold, Suffolk.

TWO assistant masters wanted Prep. School, Scotland, to teach (a) Mathematics, (b) History and Geography. Apply with testimonials to Headmaster, Box 9995.

BERKSHIRE County Council. Children's Reception Home in Reading will require Assistant Housemother, experienced and preferably trained. Salary £320 × £15—£365, plus £15 for Child Care Cert., less £108 for board & lodging. Further partics. & appl. forms from Children's Officer, 35 Bath Rd., Reading. E. R. Davies, Clerk of the Council.

KENT County Council require Women Welfare Officers in the Children's Department. Duties include selection of foster homes, supervision of boarded out children, juvenile court enquiries and adoptions. Applicants should hold appropriate qualifications; experience in child care work desirable. Salary within the range of £490 to £565 (Grade A.P.T. I & II) proceeding with appropriate qualification to £595 (A.P.T. III). Applicn. forms: Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone. Closing date Aug. 23, 1954.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Museum, Assistant Keepers: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 10 pensionable posts: (a) two in Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts; (b) three in Department of Printed Books; (c) one in Department of Manuscripts; (d) one in Department of Prints and Drawings; (e) two in Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities; (f) one in Department of Ethnography. Appointments under (a) may be to First or Second Class according to age and qualifications; all others to Second Class. Age at least 28 on September 1, 1954, for a First Class post and at least 22 and under 26 on that date for Second Class post with extension for Forces service, established Civil Service and for exceptional qualifications. Candidates must have, or obtain in Summer, 1954, a University degree with First or Second Class honours and must have a competent knowledge of two modern languages, preferably French and German. For one post under (a) the degree must be in Arabic, and for the other in Chinese or Japanese; for one of the posts under (b) a degree in Classics is preferred, and for another qualifications in at least one Slavonic language are desirable; under (b), (c), (d) and (e) a knowledge of Latin to at least G.C.E. (A) level essential; under (d) preference will be given to candidates with a thorough interest in the Fine Arts and a good knowledge of German. One post under (e) is concerned with Renaissance and later antiquities, including European ceramics and glass, and the other with Anglo-Saxon, Early Christian and Byzantine antiquities. For the latter, ability to read Greek is desirable. Under (f) either a degree in Archæology or Anthropology, or a degree in Classics combined with an interest in Archæology or the technological side of Anthropology are desirable. Salary scales: Assistant Keeper (First Class) £895 to £1,430 (men); £765 to £1,260 (women). Assistant Keeper (Second Class) £470 to £685 (men); £470 to £580 (women). Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory Forces service. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 131/54. Application forms to be returned by August 19, 1954.

HER Majesty's Colonial Service. A vacancy exists for Controller, Cyprus Broadcasting Service, Information Services Department. The Controller will be directly responsible to the Director of Information Services for the efficient running of the broadcasting station and will be required to give effect to the decisions of the Director in matters of policy; to prepare and carry out broadcasts and to supervise the training of local Programme and News staff. Appointment is on agreement for three years in the first instance with possibility of permanency later with fixed salary of £1,450 per annum plus overseas allowance £217 10s. per annum. Quarters, if available, at rental of not more than 6 per cent of basic salary; free passages; leave at 3½ days for each completed month of resident service; income tax at low local rates. Candidates must have had previous experience of programme and news services and good all round knowledge of broadcasting (experience in Near East an advantage), with high standard of education and good administrative and organising abilities. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention the reference number (BCD.97/17/08).

B.B.C. requires Assistant (British) in European Services. Duties include assisting in preparation and writing of news stories and talks on all aspects of British industry. The reading of wide range of technical journals will be necessary. Qualifications required: journalistic ability, capacity to work rapidly under pressure, good basic knowledge of technical matters, ability through personal contact in the industrial field to investigate and report developments of interest. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "332 N.Stm") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

LONDON County Council. Organiser of Youth Services required for work in a division of the Council's local education administration. Salary £669-£828. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/D), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by Aug. 20. (975.)

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 3-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ELECTRICIAN for London retail electrical business. Good position for capable man with high standards of service. State age and experience. Box 9766.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VACANCY for physician in large psychiatric training hospital near American metropolis. Literacy and broad cultural background will influence appointment. Fulbright fellowship possibilities. Box 902, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y., U.S.A.

THE Matron of a Worcestershire Children's Home would welcome applications from young people with sense of vocation, who are prepared to share community life around children aged three to sixteen years. Interesting work; experience not essential. All letters answered and candidates for interview will be paid expenses. Box 9823.

WEST London Mission (Superintendent Minister: Rev. Dr. Donald O. Soper, M.A.). Cook (preferably resident) required August 29 in Home Office Approved Hostel (girls). 20 residents. 48-hour week. Salary: £5 13s. 6d. p.w., less £1 14s. 9d. emoluments. Apply Sec., 8 Doughty Street, W.C.1.

UNITED Nations Student Assoc. reqs. graduate Secretary under 35; £426 × £25 to £476. Form & particulars from U.N.A., 25 Charles St., London, W.1, on receipt of foolscap s.a.e. Applications by August 21.

APPLICATIONS invited for interesting and varied secretarial work at Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Shorthand, typing, duplicating and general office work. Resident post. Apply Secretary.

PERSONAL Secretary required by the Director/Secretary of a large clothing company. Essential qualifications are: experience of confidential work; knowledge of meeting procedure and ability to take minutes; first-class shorthand and typewriting speeds. Applicants must have held positions of responsibility in similar sphere. Commensurate salary. Applications in writing to Box 9973.

YOUNG Managing Clerk preferably 28-33 required by Solicitor near Law Courts; principally litigation. Good salary; excellent prospects for keen, enthusiastic applicant. Box 9722.

SECRETARY / Shorthand-Typist / Bookkeeper required by Publishers, South Kensington, to assist Secretary. Must be experienced and accurate. Five-day week. Full particulars, please, to Box 70.

EXPD. secretary, able work own initiative, small office manufrs. & exporters. Closed Jewish holidays. Write Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7. Nr. Camden Town.

OFFICE supervisor of junior staff reqd. for City Office. Age over 25 yrs. Commencing salary £8 15s. No Sats. Box 9863.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Salary up to 9gns.

MOTHER'S Help wanted. Must be fond of children. Time off for study. Apply 251 Chamberlayne Rd., N.W.10. WIL. 3479.

RESPONSIBLE and kindly woman to run home capably, with dom. help, and give understanding care to motherless new baby and charming 4½-year-old girl. Exper. and love of children essential. Pleas. friendly house with garden. Refs. reqd. Box 9964.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TRADE Assoc. Secretary offers his services, part/full-time capacity. Extensive admin. exper. Highest refs. Apply in confidence: G. Higgins, 85 Gower St., W.C.1.

MATHEMATICIAN, Oxford, 36, married, teaching & admin. exp., sks. interesting post South/West/abroad—Jan. Box 9332.

YOUNG man, 29, fluent French, sound knowledge of Europe, seeks position London/abroad, preferably literary/publishing work, commerce considered. Box 9547.

CAMB. Arts Grad. (M.), 23, seeks job with prospects. Reas. offers cons. Box 46.

ZURICH Psychologist (29) desiring British exp. seeks post progr. Boarding School. Recent teaching experience: science subjects, appreciation/history music. German/French. Practical work (e.g., motor mechanics). Wife (25) successful teacher dancing, ballet, pantomime. Guggenheim, Ecole d'Humanité, Goldern B.O., Switzerland.

OXFORD student (m.) with Teaching Diploma and two years' experience needs work during vacation. Offers? Box 9562.

TIRED of useless work! Socially conscious young man (21) wants useful occupation. Salary or unusual hours not primary consideration. Box 9994.

HIGHLY-paid woman journalist, many years in radio, seeks something less remunerative, more human. Box 9925.

WOMAN (30) intd. antique furniture, architecture, sks. remunerative part-time post. Good typ., teachg. exp. Box 9885.

EDITORIAL, abstracting, secretarial experience. French, German. Inter. B.Sc., free to travel. Personable Englishwoman, 26, seeks position where these qualifications plus hard work would justify a salary of £400-£500 according to prospects. Box 9969.

DUTCH lady sks. part-time job in London. Anything cons. where fluent Engl., French & German asset. October. Box 17.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EXP. Sh./typ. rqs. temp. work W.1, 9.30-5, Mon./Fri. £8. CUN. 9881, 8.30-9.30.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Duncaven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally, ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

SCHOOLS

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRImrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education, Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

SCHOLARSHIPS

MUSIC Scholarship for entry in September, Broombank Preparatory School, Selsey-on-Sea, Sussex.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HIGHGATE Village. Freehold bargain for conversion or guests. 14 rooms, 5 baths, garden. Poor decoration. £1,500 cash, plus £4,250 mortgage. View 110 Highgate Hill, then tel. CHA. 7000.

HAMPSTEAD: Flats for sale. Luxuriously converted flats with 2-5 rooms, balconies and private gardens. Stylish decoration, luxury kitchen and bathroom: all floor covering provided. Nominal maintenance charge. Prices £2,100-£3,950, approx. ¾ mortgage available. Box 9952.

FRINTON. 100 yds. sea, quiet sound house, 5 bed., sit., din., sun loggia, car space. £3,300 f'hold. Clifton, 7 New Sq., W.C.2.

BUILDING sites in attractive Castle grounds. All services. Two half-acre plots for sale, £500 each. 30 miles from London. Ring Hadlow 322.

FOR sale near Lampeter, attractive stone cottage. Excellent condition. 2 bed., large living, kitchen and bathroom C.G. Glorious views 9 acres. Freehold. Any offers considered. Good mortgage available. Box 50.

ASHDOWN Forest. Modernised wing in lovely grounds. 3 beds., 2 rec., etc., all electric. Double and single garages, also 5 well-built stables adioining (easily converted, plans passed). £3,750 Freehold, incl. valuable contents. Private sale. Box 37.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING. MSS and Theses intelligently typed. Obscure handwriting deciphered. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5230.

DUPLICATING: as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

THESES, MSS. typed promptly & accurately. Moderate charges. Box 9452.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

DALEY'S Typewriting & Duplicating, 2 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. HOL. 5157.

FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing. Expd. Secretaries. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1. MOU. 1701.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

TRANSLATIONS: Commercial, Medical, Technical. Moderate charges. All European Languages. Tel.: MOUntview 7056.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Small modern Harpsichord, £145; Globe-Wernicke Bookcases, 9 units, oak.

WANTED: British Encyclopædia, second-hand.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

CASINO. Ger. 6877. M/F. 7.45. S. 2.30. 8.30. W. 2.30. Moscow Puppets. "Unusual Concert." Last wks. Must end Aug. 7.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

IRVING Theatre, Leics. Sq. Nightly (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incl. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 1: "Madame De . . ." (A). From Aug. 2: "The Third Man" (A). From Aug. 5: "The Fallen Idol" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., July 31. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant in "Bringing Up Baby" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Aug. 1, "Sept. Péchés Capitaux" (X). French.

AFRO-West Indian Club. Anniversary Dance, Sat., July 31, 7.30-12. Calypso Band. Bar. Buffet. 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Men 3s. 6d. Ladies 3s.

I.C.A., Las: Dance of season Sat., July 31. Dave Stevens Trio. 8-11. Members 3s., Guests 5s. Opening dance of new season Sat., Sept. 11. Further details to be announced in these columns. 17 Dover St., W.1.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 18. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Paintings of Red Indians by George Catlin, 1794-1872; International Photography by Combined Societies, 1954. Until August 8. Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Recent paintings by Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid. Closing July 31. Adm. 1s. "Items for Collectors"—sculptures, paintings & drawings: opening Aug. 5. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Artists Under Forty. Aug. 5-Sept. 11. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1954. Hours 10—6, Sat. 10—1. Closes Aug. 28.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Aug. 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. "Of Light and Colour"—Summer Exhibition.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguist's Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Aug. 7, 6 p.m. P. R. S. de Scourdoy: Au dela des cieux.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings, 11 o'clock. Closed. Recommence Sept. 12. Chamber Music Concerts recommence Oct. 3.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays 8 p.m. August 1: "The Mystery of Self-Knowledge."

YOGA, Caxton Hall. Lectures will resume September 7. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NEW Towns week-end conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts., Sept. 10-12, with lectures and visits to Stevenage, Hemel Hempstead and Harlow, incl. charge, £3 5s. Also, day visit to Crawley, Sept. 18, 12s. 6d. Details from the Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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THE Vose-Cazimir Theatre School. Two-year acting course. Three-year teaching course. Preparation for L.R.A.M., A.D.B., M.I.S.T.D. Prospectus fr.: Registrar, Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, London, N.1.

COURSES of Study. Founded in 1887, University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate, London Univ. Degrees, Professional Prelim., Law, etc. Low fees; instalments. Pros. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

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GREGG Shorthand-typing, one month intensive course, Aug. 16. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SELF-Tuition in Russian for beginners. Complete course of 24 printed lessons. Price 9s. 6d. Box 9983.

NATURE Cure Training. The Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. There is still time to enroll. New session begins this autumn. Full particulars and preliminary requirements from the Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9. "Nature Cure from the Inside" by post 8s.

IF you are ill you must go to your doctor. If your illness is caused or aggravated by bad posture, mal-co-ordinated movement or nervous tension then with his co-operation we can probably help you. Sec., Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

RING WHItehall 3077 for August Bank Holiday Fabian Summer School, July 31/Aug. 7. Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Blenkinsop, Healey, Hughes, Jenkins, Johnson, Soskice. Also Aug. 14-21. Frensham Heights, Farnham. Speakers: Mark Abrams, Walter Allen, Anthony Crosland, M.P., Hugh Dalton, M.P., Roger Manvel, John Parker, M.P., Mary Stewart, Michael Stewart, M.P., Brinley Thomas. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

FILM School: Write to 4 Gt. Russell St., or tel. MUS. 0581 for broch. of British Film Institute Film School in Scotland, Aug. 15-28, to coincide with the Edinburgh Festival.

ANIMAL Welfare: a rational and scientific approach. Residential Summer School at Knuston Hall, Northants, Sept. 18-25. Expeditions, lectures, discussions. Graduates 5gns. Undergraduates 3gns. incl. Enquiries to UFAW, 7a Lamb's Conduit Passage, W.C.1. (CHA. 9221.)

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon (Checkendon 221). Sept.: "International Seminar" & "The Art of Living"; also week-end courses. Send card for current list.

BOROUGH Bottega de Londres en Ronda Andalusia Spain. Write Secretary, Villa Paz, Palacio Mondragon, Ronda, Malaga, Spain, for particulars of summer & winter courses. Students of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, etc. Terms about £4 weekly inclusive of fees. Less if camping on estate.

PERSONAL

UNDERGRAD. (20) shs, residence Paris Sept. in return for coaching or exchange. Waddington, Queen's College, Cantab.

YOUNG Italian student (male) resident with family Barcelona offers exchange with English student, August, England, October, Spain. Write Box 9967.

EDITORIAL position. Architect, 28, keen interest in writing, seeks change profession. Box 9910.

SPORTS car to Cannes Aug. 15 ret. Sept. 3, 1 seat spare. Turner, GER. 4444.

BOARD and lodging, own bedroom and bathroom, modern flat, small wage offered in exchange for preparing breakfast, cooking evening and week-end meals for two adults. Gilbert, 5 Heath Drive, N.W.3.

EX-HOUSEMOTHER and husband offer easy-going home to 2 children from Aug. 16 to end school holidays. Ideal rural surroundings S. Cambs. and plenty of good food. 4½gns weekly. A. M. Anscombe, The Mill, Downhall, Abington Pigotts, Nr. Royston.

EXPLORE lovely Bucks country. Comf. cottage accom. in Burnham Beeches for hikers, cyclists. Weekends from 15s. Box 8.

EXPLORERS' Club of Africa. Few vacancies in next overland safari London to Johannesburg, leaving late Sept. Box 40.

WEEK'S motorbike tour Highlands, Edinburgh Fest.: yng. man invites compan. (m), pillion/co-driver. Exps. shrd. Box 9909.

TWO Occupational Therapists (f.) seek seats in car S. France, Sept. 10 approx. Park, 23 Panton Street, Cambridge.

TWO ladies req. seats car going Mediterranean Aug. 28, fortnight. Box 9962.

YOUNG lady wishes to join mixed party, car tour Britain (West Country or Peak District), Aug. pref. Share exps. Exp. driver if required. Box 9961.

COUPLE with Buick going Germany/Austria August 25 three weeks invite 2-3 companions. Car expenses shared. Write G. K. A., 22 Stanley Gdns., London, W.11.

STUDENT seeks lift Athens Italy. Urgent. Share cost. Liverpool, MOU. 1428.

PARENTS of girl 17 without G.E.C. desire recommendation of school of essentially practical domesticity. Box 9923.

CROSSWORDS compiled, any standards. Box 9772.

SPANISH Dancer has vacancies for beginners. PRI. 3124 after 6 p.m.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

OLIVER Warnock-Fielden, Naturopath, 6 Kenton Rd., Harrow. Tel. Byron 1214. Thursdays 22 Lower Belgrave St., Victoria.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea & country. Every care. Open all year. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547 & 62783.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. Bayswater 7224. Adphones.

PERSONAL—continued

EDINBURGH Festival: be sure of a stimulating holiday in interesting company and enjoy the Edinburgh Festival with a small party of professional people, Aug. 28-Sept. 4. Cost incig. 4 Festival tickets and return rail fare from London, £19 17s. 6d. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

YUGOSLAVIA. A few seats still available on our 16-day Grand Conducted Luxury Coach Tour visiting Ljubljana, Zagreb, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Mostar, Dubrovnik (5 days), Split, Sibenik, Crikvenica, Bled, 52gns. inclusive of all excursions and visit to Kotor and Cetinje. Special departures August 7 and 21, Sept. 4. Send for free illustrated brochure to See Yugoslavia, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

SPAIN for Sunshine! Join a party of young professional people going to the Costa Brava and Andorra (Aug. 28), Northern Spain (Sept. 12) or Majorca (Sept. 25). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

COUPLE desire lift to Italy about Aug. 21 will share exps. Box 79.

NEW Forest Sept.-Oct. 2-rm. flat offd exch. few hrs. gardening. Box 9891.

MAN (29) would join Sept. party (share car expenses) for Spain or Italy. Box 57.

HOLIDAYS not yet arranged! You are still in time to join our August house party by the sea in Cornwall (7gns. per week inclusive) or go on one of our parties to Austria, Brittany, Spain, Yugoslavia or Italy. Write now for details: Erna Low 47(NS), Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CORNWALL. Saint Peter's Loft. School of Art. Peter Lanyon, William Redgrave, Terry Frost. Studio and Workshop. Apply Secretary, Saint Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Accommodation arranged.

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ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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MEETINGS, Lects. Irving Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, seats 100, avlble. fr. 10.30.

P.S. Too late to advertise summer parties now fully booked? Too early to interest skiers? Yet I am reluctant to allow "The New Statesman" to appear unsupported by me so wish all readers "A Happy August Bank Holiday"—Harold Ingham.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA 3012.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fleetag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 141-143

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